

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 7, No. 29 { The Sheppard Publishing Co. (Ltd.) Proprietors. }  
Office—No. 9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1894.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. } Whole No. 341  
Per Annum (in advance), \$3.

## Around Town.

Many people seem unaware of the difference between trying to ride both horses and refusing to ride either. In the same way the independent man who sternly follows his principles, first through one party field and then another, is held to be identical with the fellow who sits astride the fence because he has no principles at all. Similarly the man who makes a sacrifice of convenience and popularity in changing his party for conscience sake, is considered by the thoughtless to be quite as bad a turn coat as the traitor who changes his party allegiance for profit in money or place. Knowing these things to be true, thoughtful men of prudent methods and somewhat timid natures either abstain from all controversial points in religion and politics or conceal their actions lest they may be set upon and injured. Such a course, while it may be defensible in those who esteem their duty as only including their individual selves, cannot properly be pursued by those who as publicists must have some influence on a section of the community. If concealment of opinions and shirking one's share in agitating for reforms had been the method pursued by everybody, always, the world would now be going naked or robed in skins, and might would be right, as it was in barbarous days. My attention is drawn to these points by hearing every now and then, especially during these election times, uncharitable remarks about people who I know are trying to do what they think is right. Nor does the subject lose any of its interest, or such taunts any of their bitterness, when candid friends let me know that I am often pointed at as an uncertain and on-the-fence sort of a fellow. Though both charges, or rather insinuations, are absolutely false, it would interest no one were I to try to disprove them. It is my duty to make the week's comment on the passing show, and while what I think or know of affairs generally may interest or amuse, what I am, or was, or will be is of no importance to anyone outside of my home. I only mention the matter now in order to illustrate a point which needs illustration, and I am not at liberty to use anyone's else experience as freely as my own.

Mere name calling is so obviously vulgar that it damages the reputation or cause of none but those whose cheap wit and low motives are not above the use of Billingsgate. While this is true, the fact that a man or a newspaper, perhaps fairly claiming to represent a considerable section of the people, dare to hurl opprobrious epithets brings with it the saddening thought, "Have I failed to do right? Have I wronged these people, or am I what I am charged with being?" The following clipping is from the *Evening News*—a paper always eager for my disparagement—and I presume is the climax of an article intended to be put to the use of the *News* made of it:

"CATHOLIC REGISTER" ON "DON."  
"Begone, you vulgar, insolent fellow! You have forgotten yourself entirely. Such criticism (an article on Archbishop Walsh) is a disgrace to your paper, which claims to be the guide and echo of Toronto society."

The article in question appeared on this page three weeks ago, and I appeal to my readers as to whether it was either "vulgar" or "insolent." I simply protested against Archbishop Walsh characterizing the action of the City Council as being "distributively unjust, harsh, unfeeling and unmerciful to our sick poor, and offensive and hurtful to the feelings of our Catholic people, and that he and his people will be dissatisfied until they obtain a portion of the civic funds for the use of the church in matters of charity." Nor have I been in the habit of abusing the Roman Catholic religion or sneering at their tenets, or the rites or methods of their church. On the other hand I have not been slow to defend their nuns and priests from the vile and scandalous charges made against them by itinerant renegades who traded upon the "No popery" sentiment of many people in this city, who are willing to listen to any calumination of those they dislike or those against whom they are prejudiced. Nothing more than justice was done when such people as ex-Monk Widdows and Margaret L. Shepherd were denounced, yet such things drew down upon this paper some harsh criticisms from over-zealous Protestants. In being absolutely fair to the Roman Catholic church and to its institutions, I have not forgotten always to criticize as strongly as I knew how the claims that that church has made to the management of a portion of the public funds. The principle that public funds must

be managed by public servants I have always urged, and when the Church has interfered, or tried to interfere, in such matters, then and then only have I attacked those concerned.

Nor have I abstained from criticizing the Protestant clergy when they went outside their spiritual sphere and endeavored to coerce public opinion or dominate public officers. It may be that I have appeared as a self-constituted committee of one to report upon clerical assertiveness and domination, but no one can assert that I have neglected the self-imposed task or have been harsher with the Roman Catholics than with the Methodists, Presbyterians or the remainder of the sects. And what is the result? Once when I was unfortunate enough to enter politics, over-zealous Protestants whispered away my reputation by either asserting or insinuating that I was half Catholic and infidel, and now I am ordered out of town by the *Catholic Register*!—a paper, by the way, which owes me something better. When the *Catholic Review* and the *Irish Canadian* were trying to join their forces I was chosen arbitrator for the *Review*, which it strikes me was a mark of confidence ill-deserved by a "vulgar, insolent fellow." Is it not enough to make a religious misanthrope of a man to be hounded by both great conflicting bodies in the Christian church for asserting that neither of them has any right to sit astride my neck or the neck of any other man in secular matters?

want it to spend on somebody else who is not as loyal to the party as they are; every old campaigner will recognize this as a fact. There never was a man yet who wanted anything for himself; he always wants it for a friend who stands "outside" probably, or "around the corner," or in the "next block" somewhere. But he wants the "stuff," as he calls it, and he gets discouraged very easily if he does not get it; he begins to foretell terrible things that are likely to happen to the candidate, to the party, and to himself unless he has just a little bit of money to spend. He has to "treat" the boys, and he has to make a little subscription to somebody, or somebody's widow, and he has to join two or three societies, and loses a certain amount of sleep, and it all takes time and costs money. This is the type of man who should be avoided by everybody who is in politics. He is not necessary to anybody's success. As a rule he takes the "stuff" and puts it in his clothes to keep them from getting moth-eaten, and he never thinks of giving up any of it. All he ever returns to a candidate is a bill for the committee room and twenty other bills for people that he has hired, but that he had no right to hire, who will load the candidate with debt and threaten him with suit. The man who is eager on a money basis for the candidate's election incurs no risks in the matter of rent, printing, clerks, anything; he will always put that right straight into the candi-

party; go away, come back again, be registered, go away, and perhaps ten come back to do the voting; the others may stay anywhere they please. The system of registration permits, if the Government winks at it, the greatest amount of fraud that is possible in an election. However, the Government may not take this very lenient view of "colonizing" for election purposes. Yet it is a government that I would not be unsuspicious of, even though it is highly respectable and has a tendency towards speaking in proud terms of its attachment to all the virtues.

If any endorsement were necessary of the frequent protests made on this page against the publication in daily newspapers of all the filthy and degrading details of certain court trials, it would be found in the petition made by a large number of the members of the House of Commons to the daily papers of England, asking that such matters be not inserted in their columns. At the large convention of Christian women in London, Ont., a resolution of similar purport was carried, and it is to be hoped it will have some effect upon sensational sheets which make their living as purveyors of dirty news. If the present competition as to which one of them will give the fullest and filthiest report of certain trials be carried much further, we will have in Canada as low-grade newspapers as they have in Chicago.

What a howl there would be in Canada if a

formalism of our morality and ask ourselves if it is not better to have the substance than the shadow? Our present procedure is not evolving either greatness or goodness in our public men, or breeding purity in the transaction of public business.

Toronto is to be congratulated upon the construction and opening of the Massey Music Hall. It is probably one of the finest edifices of the kind enjoyed by a city of this size anywhere in America. The gentleman who has made this splendid gift to Toronto will long be remembered, and it is not my business nor the business of anybody to question his motives, which, judged by the result, were generous and philanthropic. If other rich men were to follow his example and prove that they have not forgotten the people out of whom they have made their money, we would not be lacking in parks and all the institutions necessary to our further development. Some of those who have grown richest with the least effort have died without remembering anyone but their kins-people, and others live as if they felt no responsibility towards their fellowman. With Mr. Hart A. Massey we cannot always see eye to eye, but it is the unfortunate result of a strong individuality such as is possessed by the donor of the Music Hall to arouse criticism and to excite antagonism. After he has gone to a world where we all believe our natures will be purified, his name will be remembered with affection in

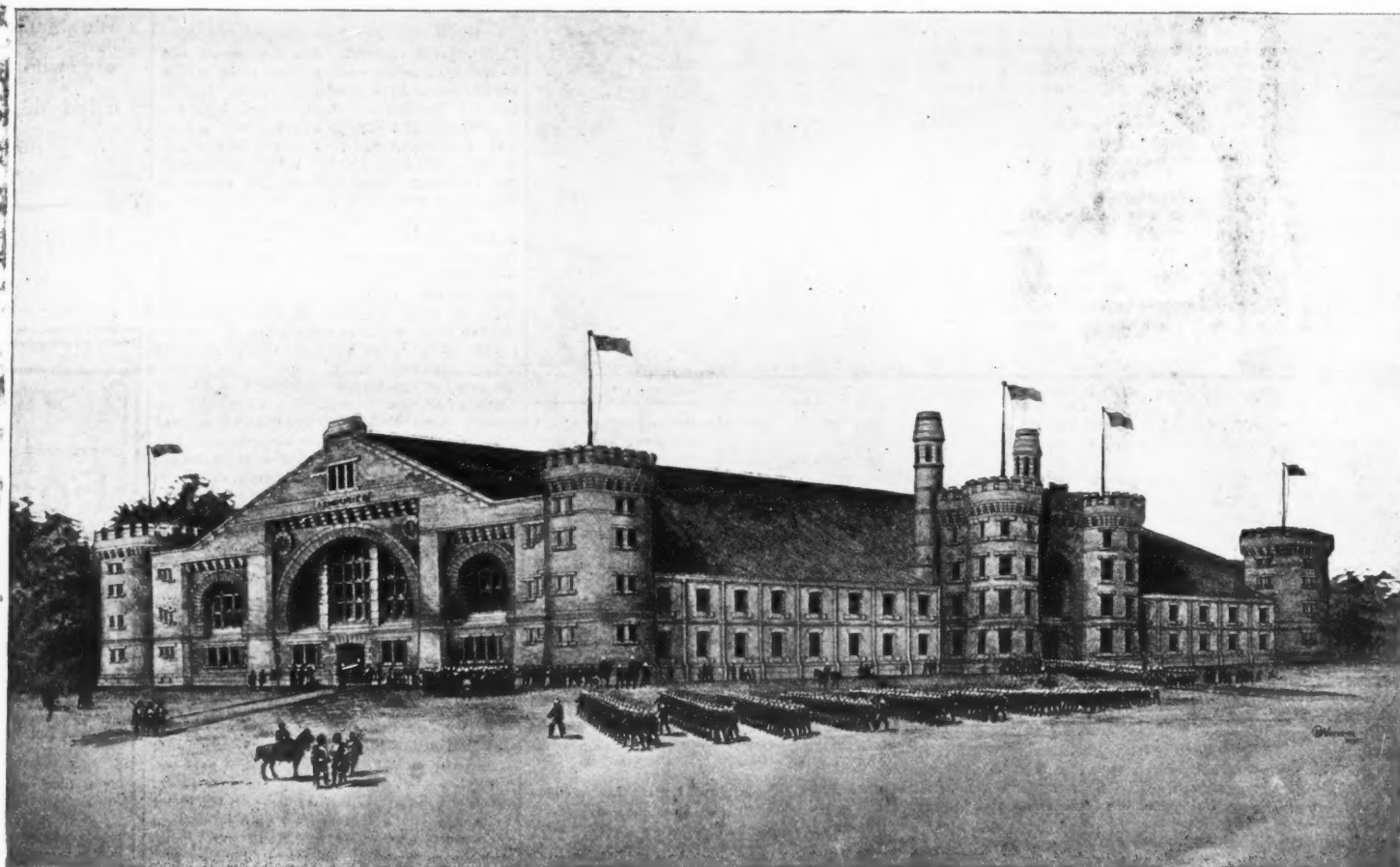
Toronto and the memorial of a generous impulse will perhaps outlive the gratitude of any private individual to whom he may leave other legacies.

The City Council of 1894 began business as economists, and the citizens and all the newspapers applauded their determination to reduce the taxes. A salary-reduction by-law was passed, and all at once it was discovered by the friends of those whose stipends were to be diminished that the aldermen had taken the wrong means of saving the city's money. The friends of the officials made such a stir that a number of the aldermen became frightened and withdrew their support from the first economic measure brought forward. The Sheppard-Thompson combination was ridiculed and their efforts at reduction of expenses denounced as amateurish, foolish and demoralizing. The result might easily have been anticipated. The aldermen became disgusted with the whole scheme of retrenchment and a Council which might have been encouraged in the good work which they began, has become thoroughly demoralized and extravagant. Now that they have voted themselves a salary of three hundred dollars per annum each and four hundred dollars to the Chairmen of Committees, the

press is unanimous in denouncing them as having stultified themselves and made a laughing-stock of their former pretensions. I admit that voting themselves a salary and making it retro-active so as to include the entire year is absolutely indefensible, yet those who refused their support and encouragement to the aldermen when they tried to do right, are to blame for this degradation of our civic politics. As soon as it is made apparent to a public servant that his good acts will be maligned and his best intentions misinterpreted, he will cease to make any effort to fulfill his pledges. Give a good dog a bad name and kick him whenever you see him, and he will soon become a cur. We have in the action of the present Council an exceedingly good object lesson in how not to treat our aldermen.

The meeting held in the City Council Chamber last Tuesday evening to consider the enlargement of our canals and the building of the railroad to James Bay, was not as largely attended as the objects of the meeting deserved. Those who watch public events in this city will always observe that a big crowd can always be had for a small thing and a small crowd for a big thing. The enlargement and deepening of the canals of Canada is a national project of the greatest possible importance to the whole of Canada, yet it attracted but three score of the business men of this city. It is possibly deemed an enterprise too great for realization during the present generation. No doubt the citizens of Toronto when asked to come together to consider the railway construction schemes of the late Mr. Laidlaw held back for the same reason, yet where would Toronto have been had not that clear-headed man led the laggards into action!

The real spirit of the meeting does not seem



THE NEW DRILL HALL, TORONTO.

Spiritual control in spiritual matters, secular control in secular matters, has been my text ever since I wrote a line for the public prints and I intend to stick to it to the bitter end. Thank heaven and those who fought for liberty in the past and are fighting for it now, neither Ministerial Association, Archbishop nor the *Catholic Register* has yet obtained the right to order me out of Toronto! "Begone, you vulgar, insolent fellow." So-so! Has it come to this that even the secular hirelings of a church feel themselves important enough to jostle a man in the street or enter a place of business and tell the occupant to "Begone!" Speaking of insolence, is not this insolence gone mad! It has an element of bitterness in it for me because it is particularly undeserved. Yet after all there is something funny about it, for I do not have to "Begone." Indeed, I intend to remain where I am and to be continually as absolutely respectful and just to the Roman Catholic church and its adherents as I have always been. That I decline to "Begone" may seem to the *Register* but another sign of my "vulgarity" and "insolence," but circumstances really make it inconvenient for me to "Begone," and they should to a certain extent palliate this latest offense.

There is one thing that should be changed in Toronto politics, and that is the cost of candidature. Published statements of expense have ceased to have any considerable meaning and in many cases there is no account demanded of a candidate. All the needy element in a party convention is apt to support the man with some money, and though there has been no solicitation on his part they feel that their support deserves recognition, and there is no recognition which they regard except of a financial sort, and they want "money" for everything they do. Of course they always

date's lap at the end of the campaign. The money that is being paid temporarily is supposed to be for this sort of thing, but ultimately it is whispered in the candidate's ear that it has been confidentially expended in some other direction and the candidate should not know of it. As a matter of fact it has gone down into the dip of some fellow who is working for himself.

Of course all electoral districts and subdivisions are not worked like this. Gentlemen and friends, and party enthusiasts, and men who are eager for a reform often take part; we all know when these men are in politics and that they are anxious for success. Their expenses are nothing, or they pay them personally; they hope for nothing; they are doing their work for a friend, a principle or a party. We should esteem such men, for they are rare, and as the city gets older they become rarer. But these men themselves, these better men, these good men, are the prey of vultures. Put a man in a district or a subdivision who is so unacquainted with politics that he desires nothing out of it for himself, and the smallest and meanest man in the alley can come up and pinch him for something and beg and pray for the payment of an hour's time that he has lost (though no man can lose time who has no use for it); they are the sub-victims. Now in Toronto there should be a stop put to all this wolfing and "queer" business in politics. There is not the slightest doubt that there has been a vast amount of personating and, if anybody knows the system, that there can be a vast amount of "colonizing" under the registration system. The man who desires to "colonize," if he has money enough to do it, can bring in a hundred men who may enter their names in a boarding-house or a hotel, the proprietor of which is favorable to their

Dominion or Provincial premier were the owner of a race-horse and openly encouraged and abetted racing. That it is generally believed that Lord Rosebery's popularity has been increased by his winning the Derby with Ladas, proves either how liberal England is and how narrow Canada is, or how profligate public opinion is there and how pure it is here. Yet a comparison of the political purity of the two countries would not indicate that we have yet reached the high standard of public honesty which Great Britain insists upon in her public men. When a member of the British Parliament becomes bankrupt or is involved in anything at all shady, he immediately finds it necessary to resign. In Canada it is only after a man becomes bankrupt that he is at all safe in entering politics, unless he has sufficient wealth to stand the course of "bleeding" that is so systematically carried on. Is it not better to have statesmen with the magnificent equipment possessed by Lord Rosebery than to place at the head of affairs a man of negative qualities who may not only lack the possession of a race-horse, but of everything else which has made Lord Rosebery so conspicuous! Under the present Premier the dream of British Federation in Africa is likely to be realized. Much as the Conservatives are opposed to his policy in many respects, individually and collectively they feel that Great Britain's foreign policy is safe in his hands. He is a good-living man, generous and kindly, yet one Non-conformist clergyman is already clamoring for his removal from public life because of his connection with the turf. Great Britain is too manly a nation to listen to any such fulminations, and the newspapers are not slow to declare that with the winning of the Derby he will win many votes. Would it not be wise for us in this country to ponder for a moment over the



to have been commented upon. In fact, the meaning of the main resolution seems to have rather concealed than explained what is no doubt the belief of those most active in promoting the canal enlargement project. The resolution appointing a committee to endeavor to organize an international convention of those interested in making the cities of the Great Lakes ocean ports, has a very wide scope. If the people of the United States are to co-operate in the enlargement of the canals, it must be at once recognized that they must have a proprietary interest in them, or that these water-ways shall be declared neutral territory. At the first glance this would seem to involve the sacrifice of the Canadian ownership of the St. Lawrence, yet on examination we find nothing terrible or threatening in the prospect of having an international and neutral river running through a portion of Canada. Those urging this phase of canal enlargement state that both the Rhine and the Danube are neutral rivers, and that if the United States co-operated with Canada in enlarging the canals and deepening the channel, it would have no prejudicial effect on the Dominion should war ever be declared between the two countries. The engineer who has been examining the canals and making estimates as to the cost of deepening them to twenty feet, declares that the whole work can be done for about a hundred million dollars. This includes of course the Welland canal. The promoters of the international idea of canal enlargement estimate that of this the United States should be asked to pay eighty million and Canada twenty million. This division of the expense is made on the basis of the larger population and area which would be benefited in the United States, and they claim that thirty-six millions living in the range of the lakes and west of the Mississippi would have their transportation rates largely reduced, and their wealth thereby increased, by ocean freights reaching Duluth and Chicago without breaking bulk from Liverpool. No doubt New York, Boston and the Eastern and Northern States would nearly all of them oppose any such scheme, as it would make it possible for a vast amount of freight which is now unloaded at the Atlantic seaboard to go west by water.

The proposal to ask the United States to co-operate with Canada in this matter is a bold one, yet it is not new. I am told that Sir John Macdonald once made a similar proposal, and this, if it be a fact, must be esteemed but another evidence of his far-sighted genius, the loss of which we all felt so keenly last Wednesday, on the anniversary of his death. It may appear to those who are always looking for evidences of non-Canadian sentiment that there is something repellent and unpatriotic in asking another nation to co-operate in doing what is beyond the limit of our capacity. To these it need only be said that the Suez canal was built by international co-operation, and it was deemed so necessary to the progress of the world's commerce that both England and France interested themselves in its construction. Yet, taken all the year round, less tonnage passes through the Suez canal than now pours through the locks at Sault Ste. Marie in the few months that navigation is open. If, then, two such great nations as England and France could agree upon something less necessary to their prosperity than a twenty-foot canal is to the prosperity of Canada and the United States, it would be paltry and unreasonable for Canada to hold back if such a union of forces would add such great momentum to our commercial prosperity and aid so materially in the transportation of the products of our great West. If in Canada we once settle the transportation problem, reduce the cost of goods to the people of the North-West and convey their products of the prairies more cheaply to the consumers abroad, we will at the same time solve the problem of adding to our population. Such a canal enterprise would draw the attention of the world to Canada and that portion of the United States which will be aided by making the western lake cities ocean ports. While the countries in the southern hemisphere are rivaling us in the production of wheat and are able by means of cheaper labor to produce it for a smaller price, we must meet them by reducing the cost of transportation or drop out of the race. It is to be hoped that Toronto will aid the committee that has the promotion of a convention to consider this great undertaking in hand, and that the event will attract representative men from all over the great West.

DOR.

## Social and Personal.



with friends, and the guests' enclosure was a veritable parterre of bright shades and flowers. Rev. D. J. Macdonnell performed the ceremony. Before the bride appeared, Mr. Arthur Fisher played beautifully a number of voluntaries. Miss Langmuir's gown was, as I remarked last week it would be, most becoming and elegant, the rich plain folds of satin being admirably suited to her style of loveliness. She wore a veil, caught by a diamond-studded circlet of gold, the gift of Mrs. Nordheimer. The four bridesmaids, Miss Langmuir, Miss Porter, Miss Hodgins and Miss Thorburn, wore *bleu* frocks of soft white mousseline de soie and very smart black hats with bristles of black and little plumes rampant. Mrs. Langmuir wore a lovely gown of peacock green satin with velvet, and a very stylish bonnet; Mrs. Becher was in black velvet mantle and jet, with her usual dainty little bonnet; Mrs. Arthur wore a stately gown of black moire and a bonnet of jet, and white flowers; Miss Ada Arthur was in cream silk and lace with old gold collar and belt, and large black lace hat; Mrs. Davidson wore a pretty green and white silk, and a bonnet of jet and flaring bow

of green; Miss Amy Beatty was in a very smart gown of gray with petunia velvet collar, and large black hat with many plumes; Mrs. Sweny wore a puce and white lace bonnet and a puce gown to match; Miss Rowand was a lovely picture in pearl gray with white lace, and a very handsome gray plum'd hat with gray bows; Mrs. Stephen Jarvis wore stone gray with cut steel passementerie, and a very becoming bonnet; Mrs. Mackenzie of Sherbourne street wore a very chic gown and a tiny bonnet *en suite*; Miss Scott of Parkdale was very handsome in pale gray and pink crepon. Three very smart guests were Mrs. Hennemann, Mrs. J. K. Kerr and Miss Homer Dixon. Mrs. Hennemann had white china silk with large yellow sleeves, *en pout*, and an openwork hat with black lace and violets; Mrs. Fy wore silver gray with insertion over salmon ribbons, and small black bonnet. Other guests were: Mr. and Miss Nordheimer, Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson and Miss Henderson, Col. Davidson, Major Cosby, Mr. and Miss Small, the lady in a sumery gown and large chip hat; Mrs. Dawson, in black silk with robin's-egg blue dots; the Misses Dawson, in the daintiest of cream silks sprinkled with bouquets of pink; Justice and Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Armour, Mrs. Hodgins, in a pretty gown of black grenadine with heliotrope flowers, and a becoming bonnet. After the ceremony the guests followed the bridal party to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir in Parkdale, where the *dejeuner* was beautifully served by Webb. The array of gifts included everything that taste, affection and wealth could suggest. A large party of the bridegroom's friends came over for the wedding and added to the *clat* of the occasion.

Mrs. Ross of Howland avenue entertained a few friends on Tuesday evening. The early part of the evening was given to euchre, while dancing led many into the wee sma' hours. The bride, Mrs. G. F. Allen, in whose honor the reception was given, looked charming and received congratulations with becoming dignity.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Macrae of Brunswick avenue have gone to the Island for the summer.

I believe that picturesque old Niagara-on-the-Lake will be more popular than ever with the society people of Toronto this summer, and the opening of the Queen's Royal Hotel to-day recalls many pleasant summer days passed there in former years. This season many improvements have been made to the interior of the hotel and a new sanitary equipment has been added. A programme of dances and concerts covering the entire season has been arranged, and two orchestras will play every day during the summer, one composed of d'Alessandro's string instruments, the other being a mandolin orchestra. A number of riding horses will be kept for the use of guests by the hotel, and those who know the beauty of the rides and drives in the magnificent and picturesque country around Niagara will appreciate this convenience.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. McLellan of Berlin have been the guests of Mrs. Wills of Carlton street for the past two weeks.

Mr. Samuel May and son are at present in Belgium, visiting the Antwerp exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Bonnell are spending their honeymoon in the Eastern States, where they are making a tour of the principal cities. On their return to Toronto the happy couple will take up their residence at 402 Bloor street west, where Mrs. Bonnell will be at home to her friends on June 20, 21 and 22.

Mrs. Stephen Pritchard and Miss Pritchard left for Owen Sound on Tuesday morning. They expect to be away for about two months.

Mrs. (Dr.) Clouse of College avenue entertained a number of friends on Monday evening, a few of whom were: Mrs. Hops, Misses Mencke, Crawford, Scheake and Marrett, Dr. Moore, Mr. A. M. Grant, Dr. Wells, Mr. Mencke, and others. Miss Scheake, who sang some beautiful selections with her usual brilliancy, contributed largely to the enjoyment of the evening.

Miss Nellie Houghton left on Wednesday for a three months' holiday in England and Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Worthington of Chicago are visiting Mr. John Worthington of Sherbourne street.

Mrs. Sutherland Taylor of Montreal is staying with her sister, Miss Cosens of 44 Henry street.

Mrs. Foster gave a tea on Wednesday to her friends. She was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Rathbun of Deseronto, who will be remembered as Miss Aileen Blair, and Mrs. Hutchinson from the West Indies. Among the guests were: Mrs. Allan, Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. MacKenzie, Mrs. Charles Temple, Mrs. Sutherland Taylor, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. McMicking, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Becket, Mrs. Hilyard Cameron, Mrs. Dugan, Mrs. Lumsden, Mrs. E. B. Oaler, Mrs. Gwynne, Mrs. H. G. Baldwin, Mrs. Arthur Grasset, Mrs. Hagarty, Mrs. G. Hagarty, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mrs. Spragge, Mrs. J. K. Kerr and Mrs. Albert Macdonald.

Mr. K. N. McFee, the London financier, has been visiting his sister, Mrs. H. K. S. Hemming, during the last fortnight, and in honor of her guest Mrs. Hemming has given a number of small evenings in her new and pretty home on Sultan street.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hamilton, 2 Sully street, on Tuesday last, at 5 p.m., Miss Blanche Hamilton was united in marriage to Mr. A. C. Winton of the Hersey Manufacturing Company. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. McLean Ballard of St. Anne's church. The groom was attended by Mr. T. B. Thompson and Mr. A. Perryman. The bridesmaids were Miss Laura Hamilton, sister of the bride, and Miss Blanche Winton. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Winton held a reception, at which a large

number of guests were present. At the close of the reception the happy pair left on the midnight train for the Western States, amidst a shower of rice and accompanied by the best wishes of a large circle of friends.

Miss Amy McMahon of Gloucester street held an At Home on Thursday afternoon.

The commencement exercises of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, will take place on Monday, June 18. Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and a train-load of Torontonians will attend.

On Wednesday evening next at eight o'clock the ceremony of unveiling the portraits of Dr. Egerton Ryerson and Dr. F. S. Nelles, painted by Mr. J. W. L. Forster, will take place in the chapel of Victoria College.

Mr. Armstrong Dean of Parkdale left on Thursday evening for a week's trip to Manitoulin Island.

Golf is becoming the proper thing in Toronto, as it already is in New York, Boston and other American cities. A very spirited contest has been carried on in the Toronto Golf Club over a trophy presented for competition by Mr. Edmund B. Osler, who is himself a devotee of the game. I have secured a picture of the Osler Trophy, which is considered perhaps the finest in the golf world. It was made in Edinburgh from a design sent with the order. It is open to players in the Toronto club only, and at the opening of the season thirty-six players entered, and, as often happens in such events,



many of the best players were overcome at the outset by beginners and were thus excluded from the final struggle. Friday last witnessed the final between Mr. A. Piddington and Mr. A. W. Smith, the former with an allowance of 14 strokes, while the latter started at scratch. It was a very keen game from start to finish. Mr. Piddington playing remarkably for one who only took to the game a year ago. Mr. Smith had his early training over the famous Golf links of old St. Andrew's. The result was a win for Mr. Smith by a narrow margin of 3 strokes. The handsome Osler trophy thus rests for the season with Mr. A. W. Smith.

The president and members of the Victoria Lawn Tennis Club are at home to their friends on Friday afternoons during the season, from four to seven p.m.

Mrs. Patterson of Hotel Louise, Lorne Park, will hold a reception at that pleasant resort this evening.

Mrs. J. A. Bastedo of Newmarket is visiting friends in the city.

On Wednesday at St. Michael's Cathedral the marriage of Mr. J. F. Brown and Miss Ida McGillicuddy, daughter of the late Jordan McGillicuddy, was celebrated, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Fathers McCann and Walsh. Miss Kate Weston acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. J. McKittrick as best man. The bridal pair left on a trip to New York and other points in the United States, and on returning will take up their residence at 143 Dowling avenue, Parkdale, Mr. Brown's handsome new residence.

At St. Mary's church on Wednesday, Mr. Charles Herbert and Miss Julia McDermott were united in matrimony, Rev. Father Cruise officiating. It was a very pretty wedding and a most impressive ceremony. Miss Helen Martin of Cleveland made a charming bridesmaid, and Mr. James McCabe worthily filled the office of best man.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Smallpiece celebrated their silver wedding on Thursday evening at their residence, 47 Avenue road, by a reception, which was most enjoyable.

Miss Annie Ellis of New York is visiting Miss Tinning of St. Mary street.

Mrs. H. and Miss Griffith, who have been absent in the Southern and Eastern States all winter, are now sojourning for a few days at the Falls.

A delightful little outing was given on Monday, one of the few fine days, by Miss Robertson, who is now with her father residing at the Queen's Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Farrar of May place have gone to Europe.

A very smart audience greeted Mr. Tripp and the Male Chorus at the Grand on Tuesday. The boxes were filled with concert parties, and I am told every seat in the house was sold. Miss Howe, the favorite singer, was hand-

somely gowned in white satin and pale green velvet, with breast-knot and streamers of green moire, admirably suiting her blonde loveliness. The Chorus covered themselves with glory.

Miss Hamilton of 202 Jarvis street gave an afternoon tea on Saturday.

Mrs. Rose of the Queen's Park gave a dinner on Monday at which covers were laid for twelve.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason are expected home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lount of Keenegaugh have gone to Port Arthur for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn Denison have gone for a holiday with their family to Orangeville.

Miss Sheridan of Isabella street celebrated her eighteenth birthday on Tuesday by a five o'clock tea. A bevy of young ladies, to the number of sixty, assembled to congratulate the fair lady.

Miss Kennedy of Beverley street, daughter of Mayor Kennedy, entertained a few friends at tea on Friday of last week. Those present were: The Misses Kemp, Miss Callahan of Kingston, Miss Ross of St. Vincent street, the Misses Sweetnam, Miss Jean MacLaren of Hamilton, Miss McClung, Miss Winnett, Miss Bessie MacMurphy, Miss Margaret Burns, Mrs. Greig and Mrs. Bouch.

Miss Etta Callahan of Kingston is the guest of her cousins, the Misses Kemp of St. Vincent street.

An informal but very pleasant evening was given at Judge McDougall's residence on Friday of last week.

Senator and Mrs. Ferguson have taken a house in Rosedale, and are having the residence thoroughly done up for a permanent home. The East End will thus gain a very pleasant host and hostess and Toronto society two already popular members.

The pupils of Moulton Ladies' College, under the direction of Miss Mary H. Smart, will give Mr. Fred Hummel's cantata, *Queen of the Sea*, in the school-room of the Bloor street Baptist church on Monday evening, June 11.

In Forum Hall on Thursday evening, May 31, Mr. Martin Cleworth, Ada G. Cleworth and George Maurice gave an entertainment which ranks among the best of the season. It was musical, mimetic and dramatic and bore the general title of *Sunlight and Shadow*, which was very appropriate, as humor and pathos were cleverly intermixed. With this concert Mr. Cleworth closed this, his first season in Toronto, and in his part in *The Theatrical Puzzle* he illustrated the diversity of his talents and explained why in so short a time he has gained such a foothold in the city. The audience was very large and the applause that followed every number on the programme showed how well the entertainment was enjoyed. Mrs. Cleworth and Mr. George Maurice deserve much of the credit for the success of the evening, and I hope that we shall see these three again next season. Mr. Cleworth has already been booked to superintend several dramatic productions in the autumn, and has had to refuse a very tempting offer to travel with a well known theatrical company.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra gave a dinner party on Tuesday evening at Yealand Hall, at which covers were laid for sixteen.

On Wednesday afternoon the annual steeplechase of the Upper Canada College boys was run, although the wet of the preceding night caused the ground to be damp and prevented the usually large attendance. This is one of the most exciting events in the sporting calendar at Upper Canada, and the boys were out in force to cheer the contestants. Among those who lined up were: Lybatt, Brooke, Temple, Laker, Macdonald, Montisambert and Todd. Before the race the two former were, perhaps, favorites. Brooke led up to the last jump, where he was overhauled by Temple, the latter making a spurt, and the two finishing in a dead heat. Macdonald and Montisambert finished second and third. Dean Jackson presented the laurels in the assembly hall, and said that the spirited finish of the race would be long remembered. The race for the Macdonald cup will be run off in the fall.

Miss Jessie Alexander and her brother left for the continent Saturday. Miss Alexander contemplates giving a series of readings across the herring pond.

Mrs. McKinnon of Sherbourne street gave an evening on Thursday week.

## PARIS KID GLOVE STORE



The Courvoisier Patent Thumb Glove fits better, wears longer than any other style of cut.

4 and 6 bt. length Chamois Gloves.  
Special reduction for this week:  
Fancy Cuff Gloves, worth \$1.50, for \$1.  
4-bt. Fancy Stitched Bonjour, worth \$1.50, for \$1.  
4-bt. Felice Gloves, worth \$1.35, for 75c.  
Special line 4-bt. Kid Gloves for 50c.

R. & G. . . CORSETS . . . P. & D.  
Ladies' Tailors and Costumers

The Latest Novelties in Millinery

WM. STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King Street East

## White China

OPENING DAYS...

Monday, June 11

Tuesday, June 12

Wednesday, June 13

We should be pleased to have any who are interested in china decorating view our new goods.

The Pantechnethca

116 Yonge Street

ELLIS

The Leading Diamond House

## For June Weddings

We have supplied the engraved invitations for an exceptionally large number of June Weddings, and now we are favored with the honor of supplying some of the Wedding Presents. Our Silverware department—rich in its assortment of choice novelties and utilities—is a revelation in its display of what fashion and good taste suggests as most suitable for wedding gifts, and the prices are marked in plain figures on every thing.

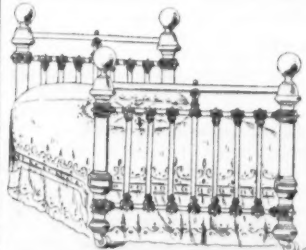
The J. I. ELLIS Co. Ltd.

TORONTO, 3 KING ST. EAST

Incorporated - Capital \$100,000

## Brass Bedsteads...

...English...  
French and Persian  
...Patterns...



RICE LEWIS & SON

(LIMITED)

Oor. King and Victoria Sts. Toronto

## Wedding

## Cakes

Of the best quality and finest shipped with care to ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION.  
Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.

SEND FOR ESTIMATES FOR ANY CLASS OF

CATERING AND CONFECTIONERY

DINNERS BANQUETS

WEBB'S

WEDDING SUPPLIES

ESTABLISHMENT

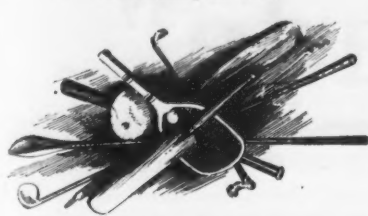
447 YONGE ST. TORONTO, ONT.

ENTERTAINMENTS

HARRY WEBB, 447 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



## In the Open Air.



The annual cricket match between our universities—Trinity vs. 'Varsity—is the Oxford vs. Cambridge game in Canada. But in one respect it falls, for the interest and attendance are small. There is no reason in the world why this should not be the greatest game of the season, and there is no reason why the friends of the two universities should not turn out, sporting the rival colors, making the day eventful. The best players in the country come up from the universities, and if a big interest were once aroused we would soon find the students doing phenomenal work. The hope of the game in Canada lies primarily with U. C. C. and T. C. S., and afterwards with 'Varsity and Trinity.

The Trinity boys won again this year. They have had the best of it for several seasons, but if nothing goes amiss 'Varsity should send a strong eleven into the field next year, when Counsel, Moss, McMaster and others, who have just come up from U. C. C., have had another year in which to pull themselves together. It was a pity that the game could not have been postponed last Saturday. The day was unfit, the wicket in such shape that batting and bowling were alike regulated more by chance than skill. My intention is not to detract from the batting performance of W. R. Wadsworth, however, who in running up 64 contributed so much to the Trinity victory. He is a batter, fielder and bowler, who qualifies for a place in the International eleven this year, and I trust he will get the honor, which will also be an honor to Trinity. Aside from the score made by the Trinity captain the game, owing to the dampness of the pitch, was uneventful and presents none of those opportunities for comment which would have arisen had the conditions been favorable for a fair contest.

The Upper Canada boys defeated Parkdale on Wednesday afternoon of last week by 82 to 65, which surprised even the victors. Waldie, Hayter and Wright made the scores for the College, while Leigh was the only man among the vanquished to reach doubles. The return game will be played on Exhibition lawn this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Rosedale's severe defeat of the College team on Saturday was also something of a surprise. There was nothing surprising in the fact that Rosedale should win, but to win with such a margin was unexpected. Lyon came out in the new guise of a demon bowler, getting seven wickets for seven runs. Bowbanks scored 31 and Lyon 23.

Bishop Ridley College met Trinity College School, Port Hope, on 'Varsity lawn on Saturday afternoon last, and were most ingloriously defeated. They could do nothing with the Port Hope bowlers, but deserve credit for holding the victors down to small scores, for they bat well. In the T. C. S. vs. Trinity it looked at one time as though the youngsters would win, they leading by one run in the first innings, but Southam, Rogers and Robertson pulled the game off for the University. These three bat well always, and along with Wadsworth make a formidable Big Four. Mockridge is another invariable run getter.

An incident that caused much talk occurred at this match. The professional of the Port Hope school was bowling and ran up, feigning to deliver a ball, but instead, swung his arm and knocked the balls off, with the result that Mockridge, who was carelessly standing outside the line, was declared out. This is quite right and according to the rules, but in Canada it is considered poor business, and most cricketers would rather be put out that way than put another out by such a trick. It is a bit of sharp practice that none but a professional can resort to without losing caste. It is customary for the bowler to warn a batsman that he must not cross the line. After being warned a batsman may be stumped by the bowler if he persists in leading out unfairly, for it is unfair if done deliberately.

Parkdale took 'Varsity into camp on Monday afternoon, the score being 99 to 35. None of the 'Varsity team reached doubles, and the bowlers, Robertson excepted, had an off day of it. McMaster had wrenched his side and could not bowl, and Bond, Boulton and Kingston were pitching short. For the winners, the chief scorers were Clark 29 (not out), Dean 26,

Robinson 20 and A. G. Chambers 13. Clark and Leigh got five wickets each, the latter getting his at a cost of only 14 runs.

Rosedale pitilessly pounded the 'Varsity bowling on Tuesday afternoon, making 218 for seven wickets. To this total Clement contributed 58, Forrester 48, J. E. Martin 40, Bowbanks 26 and Pellett and Cooper 13 each. 'Varsity only scored 35, Bond with 12 being the only one to reach double figures. Three of 'Varsity's best players were absent.

The South African team, to which I referred two weeks ago, have played their first match in England, Lord Sheffield having got together an eleven against whom the Africans might make their debut. His lordship's eleven was not a very strong one, but they succeeded in defeating the visitors by ten wickets. Frank Hearn, a Kentish professional, who has been at the Cape for a few years, "teaching the young idea how to shoot," was among those who did not score. The new first-class county (Warwickshire) has made another good showing. The return match with Notts recently took place. Notts made 328 and 146, and Warwickshire 548 and 94 for three wickets, when time was called, the match thus ending in a draw. Kent has beaten Lancashire and thus secured one point in the county championship. The scores were: Lancashire, 181 and 195; Kent, 152 and 223 for seven wickets. The match between the "Garden of England" county and the M.C.C. resulted in a single innings victory for the Marleybone club, who scored 261 to Kent's 67 and 62—a couple of miserable scores. The champion county, Yorkshire, has been defeated by Cambridge University, a result due to the brilliant batting of Mr. F. Mitchell, the freshman to whose successful advent I referred two weeks ago. Mr. Sohn Shuter, the Surrey captain, has resigned.

## Sweet Woman's Way.

"Good morning, Mr. Dolyers."

"Good morning, Mr. Trivet. What can I do for you to-day?"

"Well, the fact is, Mr. Dolyers—I-I—I—er, your daughter referred me to you, sir."

"Oh, she did, did she?" snorted the papa. "Well, all I've got to say is that I'm getting tired of this referring business. You are the fourth that she has sent to me in the last ten days. I'll put a stop to it. I'll tell her that if she hasn't enough nerve to do her own rejecting, I'll accept the very next dude that she unloads on me in this way, and make her marry him. When the fellow comes along that she wants she'll accept him without taking the old man into consideration, and I don't propose to be made a scapegoat any— Well, I declare, if the chap didn't actually walk off before I got done telling him what I had to say."

Mr. Dolyers resumes his work of cutting off coupons.

As for Mr. Trivet, he never came back.—Harper's Bazar.



## "Gurney"

PATENT

## Refrigerators

have many points of superiority over all others.

Among the most important of these is their patent system whereby every part is rendered easily accessible for cleaning, thus ensuring perfect purity at all times.

This is a very valuable feature that cannot fail to commend itself at once to the judgment of every person of experience.

## McDonald &amp; Willson

187 Yonge Street

"Where Beauty and Fashion Summers."

THE

Queen's Royal Hotel

NIAGARA-ON-THE LAKE

IS

NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON

Greatly reduced rates for the month of June.

Special rates by the week for the season.

Dancing Every Saturday Evening

H. WINNETT, Lessee.

## Restigouche

## Salmon

Fresh Mackerel, Fresh Lobsters, Halibut, etc. Cheap this week. BUTTER BEANS, Green Beans, Green Peas, Hot-house Tomatoes, Cucumbers, Head Lettuce, Asparagus, etc. STRAWBERRIES now very fine. Spring Chicken much cheaper.

## SIMPSON'S

Wholesale and Retail Market

756 &amp; 758 YONGE ST.

PHONE 3445 JUST SOUTH OF BLOOR



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

## BUILDING SALE

KEEN pressure is behind us. The corner comes down, crowding us in every department for room. Nothing stiff about prices. The stock must be brought down to a limited volume without delay.

Flannellette, were 80, now 50.  
Flannellette, were 100, now 60.  
Flannellette, were 120, now 70.  
Flannellette, were 150, now 85.  
18 in. Glass Liner, was 70, now 50.  
12 in. Stair Liner, was 130, now 100.  
24 in. Loom Tea Cloth, was 160, now 100.  
16 in. Roller Towelling, was 90, now 50.  
A Beautiful Fast-color Print 60, regular price 100.  
New and Tasty Prints, 32 in., 80, regular price 120.  
A cut in Serranockers, 35, regular price 100.  
Men's Extra Quality Flannellette Shirts, 35, regular price 100.  
Men's Braces, silk embroidered webs, 150, regular price 30 and 350.  
Men's Tie and Scarf, 235, regular price 500.  
Men's Fancy Trimmed Nightshirts, 750, regular price 41.50.  
Black and Mixed Teas, regular price 40, sale price 250.  
Japan Tea, regular price 400, sale price 250.  
Choice Ceylon Tea, regular price 350, sale price 250.  
Best Ceylon Tea, regular price 500, sale price 350.

There is not an item of this splendid list that may not be ordered by out-of-town shoppers through our mail order system.

## R. SIMPSON

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Entrance Yonge Street.  
Streets, Toronto. Entrance Queen Street.  
Store Nos. 170, 172, 174, 176, 178 Queen Street.  
1 and 3 Queen Street West.

Where to Buy

## Mantles

H. A. STONE &amp; CO.

212 Yonge Street

Have marked down every Jacket, Coat and Cape in stock. Buyers should see these goods. The styles are the latest and prices will suit you.

## Millinery and Dressmaking Parlors

We have now on view at our rooms a beautiful assortment of French and American pattern bonnets and the latest novelties in millinery. We cordially invite your inspection.

## MISS M. A. ARMSTRONG

41 King Street West

THE World's Fair Premium Tailor Dress Cutting School. Dressmaking taught in all its latest branches. Seamstresses waiters a specialty. Day and evening classes. Miss M. FLEMING, 540 Yonge St., Up-stairs.

## MISS PLUMMER, Modiste

Room 28, Oddfellows' Building

Cor. Yonge and College Streets

Evening Dresses and Trousseau a specialty.

## Millinery

Ladies about to purchase their SUMMER MILLINERY can find all the newest patterns now showing by the leading houses in NEW YORK and LONDON, while the prices will compare favorably with any in the city. CORRECT STYLES, fine materials, low prices.

## ...MISS HOLLAND

112 Yonge Street

## MISS MILLS...

Can supply the very latest styles in smart Visiting Gowns and Outing Costumes.

3 King Street East First floor.

Ascend by elevator.

Owing to the depression in trade we have decided to sell our splendid stock of Trimmed Millinery at a Great Reduction.

## MISS PAYNTER...

3 King Street East First floor.

Ascend by elevator.

## HOTEL LOUISE

LODGE PARK

OPENS MAY 24th

Special rates for June.

## MONREITH HOUSE

IS NOW OPEN

For summer guests, ladies and gentlemen, or families.

Under new management. Address—MRS. M. E. ALLEN

## ICE CREAM

Made from our celebrated cream. Delivered in any shape.

Special prices for large contracts.

KENSINGTON DAIRY, 453 1/2 YONGE ST.

## SALE OF SILKS

SURAHS  
BENGALINES  
PONGEES  
LUXURS  
PLAIDS

DUCHESSE SATINS  
BROCADE SATINS  
IRISH POPLINS  
PRINTED FOULARDS  
VELVETEENS

RONGEANTS  
GRENADINES  
GAUZES  
GLACES  
VELVETS

AT REDUCED PRICES

## John Catto &amp; Son

KING STREET  
Opposite  
The Post Office

## Real Lace, Like Diamonds

is very valuable, and in Cleaning requires to be handled by persons of experience in this particular line.

Our work has been pronounced the finest in the country by some of the best judges of lace. Lace repaired at reasonable charges.

## R. PARKER &amp; CO.

Steam Dyers and Cleaners

787 and 209 Yonge Street  
59 King Street West  
475 and 1267 Queen Street West  
277 Queen Street East

BE SURE and send your parcels to Parker's. Telephones 3037, 2143, 1004 and 3640. They will be done right if done at PARKER'S.

ESTABLISHED 1850  
Our Stock of... CRETONNES, ART MUSLINS AND SATEENS

Is the most complete in Canada, and is this season more artistic, more beautiful and more varied than ever before. An enormous range of choice Floral and Conventional Effects from 10c. to \$1.50 per yard, including a large number of patterns very much below regular values.

Prompt Attention to Letter Orders for Goods or Patterns.

## JAMES SCOTT &amp; SON 91-93 King St. East



## Ladies Costumes

Ladies have a great deal of trouble in selecting dress goods. The variety is great. The quality is various and the merit claimed is sometimes more than the possession. When ladies are desirous of obtaining the finest grade of Black Dress Goods, they should ask to see Priestley's dress fabrics. These, as is well known, are the ne plus ultra of texture. They of well dressed prefer them to obtain them from ask for Priest-

## PRIESTLEY'S BLACK DRESS MATERIALS



## HAIR GOODS



## Pember's Hair and Perfumery Store

127 YONGE STREET

Telephone 2275 TORONTO

## Madame Ireland's Shampooing Parlors

Are Now Open for Ladies and Gentlemen

Baldness a specialty. A luxuriant growth of hair guaranteed or money refunded, and my Toilet and Shaving Soaps sold everywhere.

Head Office: Confederation Life Bldg. Toronto

## LADIES, USE MAGIC CURLING FLUID.

Thousands know the value of this article for keeping the Bangs in curl in summer. The effect is delightful. Price 50c.; ask your druggist or manufacturer.

COMBINGS MADE UP ARTISTICALLY

MRS. J. MINTZ - Artistic Hair Worker

401 Queen Street West

No. 10 Washington Avenue

Six Doors East of Spadina Avenue

## Dressmaking...

MISS M. E. LAKEY, formerly of 80 Gerrard Street East, begs to announce to her numerous customers that she has removed her dressmaking establishment to the above address.

Latest English, French and American styles.

Mourning orders promptly attended to.

Evening Dresses and Trousseau a specialty.

## MRS. E. SMITH

Dress and Mantle Maker

Tailor made Gowns a Specialty.

247 Church Street - Toronto

## The Lewis Magnetic Corset

Is Superior to All Others

It is mechanically constructed upon scientific principles, symmetrical in shape and unique in design.

Each section of the corset is so formed as to maintain the vertical lines of the body, and readily conforms to the figure of the wearer.

It is stayed with strips of highly tempered spring ribbon steel, which is superior to any other boning material owing to its flexibility, smoothness and durability.

Each steel (or stay) is nickel-plated, highly polished and guaranteed not to corrode, metal stippled to prevent the ends from cutting through the fabric.

The steels (or stays) are inserted in separate pockets and are secured by means of the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer.

Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from whom they were purchased and have their money refunded.

See that the name "Lewis Magnetic Corset" is stamped, on each pair, without which none are genuine.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE

Crompton Corset Co., 75 York St., Toronto, Ont.

tels and can be removed or replaced at pleasure, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer.

Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from whom they were purchased and have their money refunded.

See that the name "Lewis Magnetic Corset" is stamped, on each pair, without which none are genuine.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE

Crompton Corset Co., 75 York St., Toronto, Ont.

tels and can be removed or replaced at pleasure, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer.

Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from whom they were purchased and have their money refunded.

See that the name "Lewis Magnetic Corset" is stamped, on each pair, without which none are genuine.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE

Crompton Corset Co., 75 York St., Toronto, Ont.

tels and can be removed or replaced at pleasure, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer.

Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from whom they were purchased and have their money refunded.

See that the name "Lewis Magnetic Corset" is stamped, on each pair, without which none are genuine.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE

Crompton Corset Co., 75 York St., Toronto, Ont.

tels and can be removed or replaced at pleasure, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer.

Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from whom they were purchased and have their money refunded.

See that the name "Lewis Magnetic Corset" is stamped, on each pair, without which none are genuine.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE

Crompton Corset Co., 75 York St., Toronto, Ont.

tels and can be removed or replaced at pleasure, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer.

Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from whom they were purchased and have their money refunded.

See that the name "Lewis Magnetic Corset" is stamped, on each pair, without which none are genuine.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE

Crompton Corset Co., 75 York St., Toronto, Ont.

tels and can be removed or replaced at pleasure, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer.

Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from whom they were purchased and have their money refunded.

See that the name "Lewis Magnetic Corset" is stamped, on each pair, without which none are genuine.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE

Crompton Corset Co., 75 York St., Toronto, Ont.

tels and can be removed or replaced at pleasure, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer.

Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from whom they were purchased and have their money refunded.

See that the name "Lewis Magnetic Corset" is stamped, on each pair, without which none are genuine.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE

Crompton Corset Co., 75 York St., Toronto, Ont.

tels and can be removed or replaced at pleasure, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer.

Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from whom they were purchased and have their money refunded.

See that the name "Lewis Magnetic Corset" is stamped, on each pair, without which none are genuine.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE

Crompton Corset Co., 75 York St., Toronto, Ont.

tels and can be removed or replaced at pleasure, and are so distributed as to afford the necessary support to the spine, chest and abdomen, while at the same time so pliable that they yield readily to every movement of the body, thus assuring constant comfort to the wearer.

Ladies who, after giving them a fair trial, should not feel perfectly satisfied, can return them to the merchant from whom they were purchased and have their money refunded.

See that the name "Lewis Magnetic Corset" is stamped, on each pair, without which none are genuine.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE

Crompton Corset Co., 75 York St., Toronto, Ont.



# A LEGEND OF ELK RIVER.

BY TOBE HODGE.

Illustrated by A. B. Frost.

"I never seed Unis look so afore, ez while ole Granny Doane was tellin' the story. She got red an' then white ez a deer's breast, an' she looked at Sis Young an' me, an' then she took a sot look."

"The singin' wuz goin' on, an' hit beat any hymen I ever heerd. We all sot lookin' at the fire an' feelin' uncomfortable."

"The ole man he weren't afeerd uv nothin'. He spoke up an' sez: 'I've heerd it many a time. Hit's the wind scuzing through Omelema's whistle uv yander on the ridge. The hull story's past b'leven. That never was an Injun repented for nothin' he ever done, no time. Hit's agin ther natur. I've brought many a one uv 'em down, an' watched 'em die

hollerin' at her cub, an' a frog that jumped in ter the water, for makin' a splash. I stood thar with the side uv me thet wuz down the holler drawin' tight an' knotty, an' listenin' agin Archen that way, an' the side uv me thet wuz up the holler where Unis wuz, a kinder drawin' her to me an' pectin' her an' listenin'."

"I knowed I wuz ahead of Arch an' abind her. I was pullin' both ways. I wanted ter go an' fight him an' go an' fad her, or wait till he come an' hev the death struggle all to ourselves. I hated ter move down the holler to meet him, fadin' she might holler agin, an' I hated ter move forrard cause it might be longer till I cotched holt uv him. I wuz in sich a

you're trailin', Sol. No matter how mad you gits, wait till you gits hold uv 'em, unless ther's more uv 'em; if ther's, keep plugged up. We'll go hum an' git lights, an' git all the startin' sign, an' break on the trail agin, soon's it's mornin'. Thet head uv your'n needs scalpin' a turn er two, an' yer ears picken afore you'll make an Injun hunter. I could hev put you into eternity a dozen times to-night if I'd been Archen. An' sure 'nough he could, for I didn't hear him comin' on me no more nor a flea jumpin'."

"I telled him no, I wouldn't go hum. I'd go on up the holler to the falls an' maybe I'd find Unis. Et I didn't I'd wait 'bout thar till mornin' an' make a circle on the mountains till I struck her trail; fer I couldn't stop nohow, doin' nothin'. I sed I'd jine him and the neighbors, an' fer them to fire ther rifles ef they found any sign and got on the scent. The ole man agreed with me, but he sed I was sot, an' sez he, 'Sol, take my rifle; maybe you'll want it.' 'No,' sez I; 'ef wrong hex come to Unis, I wan' my han's fer it on Archen; ef I hed the

Ask Your Grocer For

## "Salada"

CEYLON TEA

IN LEAD PACKETS ONLY. BLACK OR MIXED. AT ALL GROCERS

These are the purest and best teas the world produces, consequently the healthiest. We would like you to try them.

P. C. LARKIN & CO., Wholesale Agents, 25 Front Street East



"And the way they danced beat a cat on the coals."

fer the wrong they done me, an' they fought to the last kick. They hev no souls, 'ceptin' what the devil puts in 'em—buck, squaw, ner chief; hit's agin natur. Nob Gunter, twist up the string uv yer ole fiddle an' jine sawin'; hit's better to cure worriten than Meetelewa's whiten. The ole woman an' me kin show the young uns how to shake a leg yit; twist her up, Nob, an' jine sawin'."

"The ole man were upder uv eighty then, an' he grabbed the ole woman—mother—an' Nob jined sawin'. 'Git on yer heels, for yer toes is a-fire!'"

"An' the way they danced beat a cat on the coals."

"Sis Young she were sittin' whar I hed to ax her to be my pardner dancin', an' we jined in, and all jined in, an' wuz swingin' corners, an' swingin' the gals 'round the waist, an' all uv a sudden I fided that I hed got clar round the cabin an' hadn't swung Unis. I looked roun' an' she wuzn't thar, an' Archen wuz jist slippin' out uv the door."

"I felt ez ef I hed the agy, an' hit were comin' on ez ef I'd eaten suthen I hadn't oughter. I dropped Sis Young an' wuz goin' to foller him; but I thinked uv the meanness uv it, spyin', an' I shut my eyes an' tuk another ketch on Sis, an' went on dancin'. But I didn't mind what my feet wuz a-doin'; I were thinkin' uv Archen an' Unis bein' outside."

"Nob guv a rip uv the fiddle bow ez said ez plain ez I can talk it, 'Pay the fiddler, an' the boys stepped up an' dropped whatever they chuse to give inter his hat; an' jist then thar wuz an onarthly screech, an' then a nuther, an' it come from the Injun moundway."

"You could hev knocked off the eyes uv the hull uv 'em with a clap-board, they done stuck out so. The hull uv 'em stood ez if they wuz skereed to the stiffness uv a stump, 'cept pap an' me. He grabbed his rifle ez ef he were goin' Injun fightin', an' I jumped out inter the blackness, for I knowed it wuz Unis hollerin'."

"The screechin' wuz goin' up the holler you see goin' roun' the pint, an' up atween the rocks, an' doublin' back on the first ridge yander. I stopped a bit an' listened like I war listenin' for the drappin' uv squel chawens on the leaves, an' I heerd the runnin' uv a man on the stones of the branch ahead uv me, an' my blood biled, for I knowed it was Archen arter Unis, an' I went, not keeren for nothin' or stoppin' for nothin'. I took the mountain fer it to head him off, and zet atween him an' Unis. The briars cut me, the vines hangin' down tripped me up, I fell over rocks an' logs, for I couldn't see nothin'—the thorns snagged me. It were a runnin', my fren', wuss than if death were arter me, an' I thought I could outwind him. I wuz used to the mountains day and night time; I feelled the trees fer the moss ez I ran agin 'em, an' minded the slopes uv the vines from the west wind ez they cotched me, an' the way the dead trees layed ez I tumbled over 'em, an' I telled the way that way. I got down to the holler, jist at the big rock you see lyin' to the side uv the mountain, an' I listened—I listened, till I cursed the 'sketers bissen 'bout me; fer I couldn't listen hard 'nough."

"Ther weren't a sound."

"Hit war as still ez the forest at noon. I mind cussin' a she-fox when I skereed her fer

mixture of feelin's, an' the dark was so thick I couldn't see him afar off. I stood and swore at a little star fer the mean light it gave. I stood and yelled down the holler fer him to come on—to come on like a man, an' not sneakin' like a weasel; to come with his rattles goin' like a rattlesnake, not lyin' to strike like a cussed copper head. I yelled at him all the vileness I ever heerd an' could fotch in a hurry, but there weren't a sound uv him. I stood thar, all the feelin's in me goin' like mad bees in a gum, an' sometimes feelin' like the feelin' uv stayin' too long under the water, when I thought uv Unis out alone in the night, an' quiv'rin' like a holed squel; but I didn't move no more nor a stag with his head down an' sot agin the dogs, for I thought I was atween him an' her. My fren', when it comes to my dyin' I won't feel wuss nor I did then. I hope the Fayther 'll pity me, an' haul

riffs I moughtn't hev time to tell him all I hez to. I'll take my han's fer it ef Archen hez a rifle. Mine's in my belt. An' the ole man jist sed, 'Fight him fair, Sol; thet's right, fight him fair,' an' he started hum."

"I hain't goin' to string it out. I never heerd no cheerup uv a bird ez purty ez the fast cheerup tellin' me the mornin' wuz comin'. Ez soon ez I could see I elum the rocks an' got on the side uv the mountain an' gan circlin'. Hit waan't long afore I struck Archen's trail. The fust thing I seed wuz blood on a leaf. I took hold uv it ter see how long it hed been dryin', an' I sed my han' an' a shirt. I wuz blood myself from head to foot, from fallin' an' snaggin'. He were not fur off. I went down on that trail like a sheep-dog—quiet an' fer killin'. Ef ther wuz anything but devil iz me then it were skerece. He were goin' fast, an' I soon diakivered he were circlin'. I thought



An' I yelled at him, an' cussed at him, an' yelled agin, 'Whar is Unis?'"

my mind sudden if I do.

"Spote uv all my listenin' and strainin', pap spoke right in my ear 'most, 'Come 'long home, Sol. I didn't know it was that way atween you an' Unis. Et Archen hez done Unis a harm he's not safe this side uv hell, an' me on his trail. He hain't atween here an' the holler, nor Unis neither. I trailed him by the wet on the stones till he took to the mountains. I wuzn't on the trail. I seded him go out arter her, an' I heerd him runnin'."

"Don't make so much fuss nary time when

his idea wuz to git 'round back uv them he knowed 'ud be follerin' him. I studied a bit, an' I took a cut off uv the ring he wuz makin'."

"I heerd a noise—trampin' like—an' I gathered myself up fer him, but 'twas only an elk. The woods wuz fall uv 'em in them days, an' they guv the name to this river. Arter a bit I swung down a rock by a saplin' growed to it, an' thar right afore me I seded him listenin' fer what wuz comin'."

He were kivered with blood, an' I thought it were that of Unis. I come nigh givin' way in the knees, an' all over,

'bout what he said that wuz ez certain ez a growl an' a hug pints that hits a bar."

"While he wuz a-tellin' it, I seded the ole man wuz narved for a knock down an' a trampen ez sure ez Archen lived ever so leetle a lie, an' I said to him quiet like, 'Fayther, don't. I nigh killed him for huntin' her, and used him uncommon rough.'"

"The ole man looked at me, an' sez he: 'Ef you see so, Sol, that hit's the truth an' nothin' but the truth, hit's all right. What's atween you an' Unis gives you more scent fer lyin'

than I hev. I'm off the trail.' An' he let himself loose agin from his narven an' dropped ez ef he wuz tired."

"We all hunted that hull day, an' the rest of 'em took turns huntin' and sleepin', 'cept Arch an' me. We didn't sleep none. We kep on a-huntin', but we didn't find ez much sign ez a bird leaves in flyin'."

"In a week or thereabouts they give her up, an' black looks wuz on Arch from all uv 'em an' spicions. We kep on huntin' together, an' livin' on roots an' berries an' what we picked up. One day right smart, while 'long, Arch said to me: 'Sol, thar's nothin' but black looks an' hard feelin's for me yer. Unis is gone. We can't find her nowhere, nor no sign nohow. I'm goin' to the Valley of Kanoy (Kanawha); ef yer hev any spicions or hard feelin's agin me, let's fight it out yer. Et yer hain't none, give me yer han'.' An' I acked my han' in his'n, jist ez hard ez I could lick, an' sez I: 'Arch, I'll keep on huntin' till I finds her livin' er—er I'll watch the buzzards an' go lay down 'longside uv her. I hev no spicions, Arch, agin yer. Et I hez to get 'em I'll find yer. Et she's livin' an' I finds her, I'll find yer an' clar yer, an' giv' yer a nuther chance, man an' man, square fer Unis.' We shook han's agin, an' he dived inter the bush Kanoy way. My fren', that wuz a partin' that onsettled my feelin's powerful. I reckon I must hev ketched a bit uv a cold, an' I hain't good at tellin' 'bout it nohow. I b'lieve I'll smoke a bit."

The ole man handed his pipe to be refilled. The blue smoke went out from his lips in short, quick puffs of relief, connected in some deeper way than smoke often is with watery eyes.

He was still standing—he seldom sat down—but now he leaned against a tree as if weariness overcame him.

His voice was deeper and lower when he resumed:

"Them wuz the lonnest days—Unis gone, Arch gone, an' me gone clar out uv myself. Et I'd knowed she wuz dead, I could hev gone home and done somethin', made fence, or jined hoeln' corn; but I tramped the mountains till the doe wuzn't afraid uv me, an' the hootin' owls looked at me without flyin'."

"Fayther seemed to know jist whar to find me, an' 'ud fetch me passels uv grub, that wuz mother's doin' up. Unis' people wuz nigh onter crazed. The hull on 'em 'ud come trampin' arter fayther to see ef I'd found any sign; an' some chance times I'd come 'cross her mother huntin' me—huntin' somethin' comfortin'. Unis' back gear on that night wuz mostly buckskin, an' didn't snag or pull off. I couldn't find ez much ez a bit uv a red tassle I minded hangin' to her waist, nor a bead from her moccasins. I hunted the Yaw Pine mountains whar Elk rises, an' over t'other side on the Ganley. Ther' wuz no livin' soul in that hull kintry."

(To be continued.)

Derby is the best plug smoking tobacco in the market. Have you tried it?

Little Johnny—Pa, does a visitation mean the same thing as a visit?

Pa—Sometimes, my son. For instance, when your grandmother comes to stop with us for a month.—Truth.

**Pentanguishene Summer Resort.**  
Canada's great summer resort at Pentanguishene will this season open next Monday, under the management of Mr. M. A. Thomas, a gentleman whose past experience in hotel business is such that his name is a sufficient guarantee that every arrangement shall be made for the comfort and enjoyment of guests. The hotel is beautifully situated on the shore of Pentanguishene Harbor, on the Georgian Bay, and located in the immediate neighborhood are the 30,000 islands, among which excellent fishing and boating is afforded. The lighting of the hotel and grounds by electricity is one of the many improvements introduced this season. Those who wish a pleasant vacation will do well to engage accommodation at this famous resort.

**1892 MODEL REMINGTON TYPEWRITER**  
Machines Rented. Operators Supplied  
Telephone 1207  
GEO. KENCOUGH  
46 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

**WHSTONE 349 UNDERTAKER**  
YONGE ST. ELMST

**H. STONE & SON**  
UNDERTAKERS  
COR. YONGE AND ANN STREETS, TORONTO.  
Telephone 981

**PATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste**  
FOR CLEANING THE TEETH  
35 YEARS IN USE



## Si. Scroggin's Watch

Silas Scroggin was of age and celebrated the event by going to town and purchasing a watch for \$7.50. It was all the money he had in the world, but watches were rare in Bean Pole county, and Si wanted to be ahead of the boys in that particular, anyway. He carried the watch home and received a good lecture from Silas Scroggin, sr., for "throwing" the money away," as he expressed it.

But Si didn't care for the lecture; he had the watch and he determined to cut a swell with it among the boys and girls.

An opportunity soon appeared for Si to cut a dash with his new purchase. The schoolmaster gave notice that there would be a spelling bee at the schoolhouse on Saturday night, and Si swore to himself that he would be there or die in the attempt.

Saturday night came and the schoolhouse was crowded with the young people who were to take part in the contest, besides the fathers and mothers who were there to look on and enjoy the fun. Si was the last to appear, and all eyes were turned upon him, or rather his watch chain, as he entered.

"What time is it, Si?" asked Joe Wilson. Si pulled out the watch with as much unconcern as possible and gave the time. Before he reached a seat he had been asked twenty times, "What time is it?" and had been given all the opportunity he could wish for to display his timepiece.

"Si Scroggin has got a watch," whispered "Mandy" Jones to her beau, Zeke Thomas. "I'll bet it's brass," replied Zeke, "and I'll prove it, too."

Soon after Si arrived, sides were chosen and the spelling contest was begun. Everything went well till the schoolmaster gave out the word chronometer to Si Scroggin. It was by mere accident of course that the word was given to Si, but the coincidence was striking to say the least.

Si's mind was on his watch and when the word was first given to him he failed to hear it. "Si Scroggin," called the schoolmaster.

"Sir!" said Si.

"Spell chronometer."

"W-a-t-c-h," said Si.

"That spells watch," said the teacher.

"Well," replied Si, "ain't a watch a chronometer?"

"You have missed," returned the teacher, and Si took his seat.

The word passed on down the line and the spellers went down like nine pins, for Si had diverted their minds till they had become "rattled."

The word finally reached Zeke Thomas. "Mr. Thomas," said the pedagogue, "spell chronometer."

Satan took possession of Zeke at that moment. Zeke and Si had been rivals in the past and now Zeke saw a chance to humiliate his hated antagonist with the watch, so he said, "There are different ways of spelling it. Si Scroggin should have spelled it b-r-a-s-s."

The shout of laughter which followed maddened Si, and walking over to Zeke he said, "Look-a-here, Zeke Thomas, if you say my watch is brass I'll smash your jaw. You're only mad because you ain't got one of your own."

One word led to another until somebody said liar, then a blow was struck and the two enemies rolled upon the floor engaged in fierce combat. The girls screamed, which added to the confusion, while the schoolmaster rushed forward to separate the combatants.

But the boys were not going to have the sport spoiled, and they formed a ring around Zeke and Si and kept the teacher on the outside.

In the meantime Si and Zeke were gouging and scratching like two cats. Both boys were full of "grit," added to which was the long standing hatred each had for the other.

Si had friends there and so had Zeke, and they were not backward in supporting their favorite, and when Si bit Zeke's thumb and refused to let go of it, the friends of Zeke saw that their man was likely to get the worst of it.

"Biting don't go," said one.

"Pull him off," said another.

That was enough for Si's friends; they made a rush for their opponents and the war was on in good style. Benches were overturned and books littered the floor. The schoolmaster got mixed in the affair and received a slate on his head. The slate was shattered and the frame hung around his neck like a novel dog collar. It was a "knock out" blow.

Si and his opponent were still at it when the teacher was knocked out. They had rolled over and over till they reached the stove, which they knocked over. Down came ten feet of stovepipe, covering the fighters with soot and ashes. The room began filling with smoke, and that put an end to the war.

The smoke drove the crowd out of the building, and the teacher, assisted by some of the boys, went to work to clear away the wreck. The stove was red-hot when it went over, and it took a pile of snow to put out the fire and cool the stovepipe. Things were in such a mess that the teacher saw it would be impossible to continue the spelling contest, and so he announced to the crowd outside. It was a disappointment to many, and young and old joined in blaming the fighters, Si and Zeke.

"If it hadn't been for that boy of your'n and his pesky brass watch," said old man Thomas to Si Scroggin, sr., "this wouldn't hev happened."

"It was your boy Zeke who caused the trouble," replied Si, senior.

"No such a thing."

"I say it was."

"You're another."

Bliff went old Si's right hand, as he took the elder Thomas an upper cut, and the two old fellows were soon rolling in the snow, engaged in as savage a contest as their offsprings had started in the schoolhouse.

Fortunately the men in the party did not get excited as the boys had. They went to work to separate the two men and soon had them standing up and held back from further hostilities. Friends exerted themselves to prevent further trouble and the crowd soon dispersed.

The schoolhouse was saved from destruction and school opened as usual the following Monday, and the schoolmaster announced that while he remained there would be no more

spelling bees.

Si and Zeke never "made up," nor did Si, senior, and the elder Thomas, but all four of them retained the bitter feeling which came to the surface at the spelling bee.

Zeke, however, never rested till he had saved enough money to purchase a watch "so Si couldn't crow over him," he said. Then there came a peddler into the neighborhood with a trunk full of watches, which he sold at one dollar and a half apiece, and every man and boy got one, and then peace settled down over Bean Pole county.—Peck's Sun.

Have you tried Derby Plug Smoking Tobacco, 5, 10 and 20 cent plugs?

## Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

RUBY.—Refinement, idealism, honor and a firm will and purpose are shown, with good ability and method, sociability strong and determination good, frankness and honesty, in capacity of finance or management.

AMY AMBER.—This writing shows frankness, rather a matter-of-fact disposition, some sharpness of temper and judgment, excellent honesty, discretion and perseverance. I don't think it has reached maturity any more than its writer.

GEORGE.—Unduly pronounced opinions, with much self-respect, a formidably strong purpose, some temper and a disposition to combativeness; at the same time I remark some lack of directness and decision of will. This person would probably be obstinate if bullied and a bit of a martinet herself; prudence and honor are shown.

PORTIA.—Painting by all means, if you are really gifted that way. As to stretching the octave, I know a very fine pianist who never could, but struck the notes one after the other so quickly that the break was hardly noticed. However, you can't work this in all cases. Your writing is so wavering and uncertain that its character is quite undecipherable.

MARY L.—Bright and vivacious manner, good mental equipment, sweet temper, love of social intercourse, some cleverness, decided culture, care and conscientiousness, humor, health and energy are yours. You can reason, flirt, work and play with praiseworthy success and are a very little bit inclined to be selfish, if that isn't too hard a word for such a charming lady.

LENT LILY.—I suppose you saw your answer long ago. I have just come across your second letter. I have not the least idea who wrote the lines you quote; perhaps some of my paper friends know; "He gave me a friend and a true, true love, but the new year will take them away." I do not in the least recognize your writing, which is remarkably characteristic and belongs to a woman sensitive and alive to every influence in a remarkable degree.

P. McBRIDE.—Mainly strong tastes, strong will, independence and a very bright and vivacious mind. Caprice and

willfulness would rule you were you not unusually well dowered with common sense. Such a forceful and honest chirography should belong to a very estimable character. You have your ideas, if you are ambitious and self-denying enough to live up to them and careful to cultivate all refining traits, which are rather overpowered just now.

JAKET.—This is an original, fun-loving, rather sensible and very observant personage, with easy-going temper, much taste, rather an unformed mind, apt to vacillate in ordinary matters. You have extreme ambition in your ideas, and while exceedingly appreciative of beauty and very kindly in disposition, lack force and directness. I have rarely studied a writing indicating such popularity, and am certain the writer would not willingly cause pain to man or beast.

PROBY MURPHY.—Your wish that I would delineate your very crude but characteristic writing whether it is formed or not, is most thoughtful and unreasonable. I quite agree with you in not caring for mathematics; I am not conversant with Euclid, but avoid the whole study. Yes, language is my pet study, probably because it comes easily to me. You have some excellent traits in your handwriting, such as reasoning power, even judgment, care of details, honesty and frankness, with sufficient energy to be healthy, but the writing is in transition.

FRODY'S CHUM.—I. Who on earth is the Doctor? I think you might spell him properly, even if he does keep you in order. 2. Your writing is extremely characteristic of an egotistic and rather gifted girl. All the crudities and contradictions of a young person who is yet busy at her school desk cannot hide a promising cleverness and individuality. You will be a charming woman, but at present you are not going to entice me into a string of contradictions. So, my dear P. C., let your character grow, and don't be pulling it up before it gets its roots fairly sprouted.

A GRANDMOTHER.—You are blessed with a lovely character, strong and determined, yet gracious and sympathetic, with a capacity for much reverence and refinement, a patient tenacity and light but unswerving purpose and will. You are inclined to be conservative, but not narrow. You should be the cherished confidant of a good many people. Your character is slightly impulsive, somewhat fond of humor, of which you have a keen sense; you have good ability and are altogether a person likely to be much thought of. I fancy you would not have many personal ambitions but would rather interest yourself in others' welfare.

WINNIE.—You are not markedly original, have much inclination to the opposite sex, and dearly like a fine man. You have plenty of energy, but it is not properly disciplined. You are somewhat idealistic and need control in your thoughts and impulses. Your penmanship, of which you require an opinion, is of the dashing rather than refined order, and though full of force would stand considerable training. I think your nature is a trifle lacking in femininity and sympathy, but there is a heartiness and power about it which may be the medium of good or evil, as your will directs it. Such a study makes, when well guided, a noble character.

VANNA B.—Thanks for sparing my feelings. I referred to the way some female correspondents of youthful tendencies finish with "Yours lovingly," after beginning "Dear Sir." I quite blush at the recklessness of these young ladies. In view of your opinion of my sex, your sedateness was a trifle overdue. 2. You are discreet, cautious, humorous, rather quick-tempered, fond of your own way, consistent and by no means lacking in ability, bright and vivacious in manner, slightly disposed to look on the gray side and a little mistrustful of yourself. You need care and control of erratic fancies, and with a little care would write an excellent hand. It is very honest and true.

DENNIS MILD OR.—I think you had some spare time.

## "I FEEL 20 YEARS YOUNGER."

## A WONDERFUL CURE IN HAMILTON

## Paine's Celery Compound Makes People Well and Strong.



MRS. JULIANNA SANDBERG.

All classes of Canada's population—all sexes—all ages—daily sound the praises of Paine's Celery Compound, earth's grandest and most wonderful medical discovery.

Medical professors and physicians generally are amazed when they hear of and see the almost miraculous cures wrought through the agency of Paine's Celery Compound.

"You cannot do better than use Paine's Celery Compound," is the honest advice of many of our best and ablest doctors, when men and women consult them regarding rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, kidney and liver troubles, dyspepsia and run-down systems.

When Paine's Celery Compound is faithfully used, pain-racked and suffering mortals are never disappointed. The great medicine works surely and effectively; it banishes every trouble and leads to freshness of life, robustness of constitution and gives to those who use it perfect health for the full enjoyment of earth's

blessings. Mrs. Julianna Sandberg, 49, West avenue north, Hamilton, Ont., writes as follows for the benefit of all suffering Canadians:

"I have to thank you for being instrumental in saving me from years of suffering and ill-health. About three years ago I had a severe attack of Gripe, which left me with my limbs swelled up and hardly able to walk, and my constitution was very much impaired. A friend recommended me to try your world-renowned Paine's Celery Compound. I did so, and am now walking about as well as ever, the swelling having completely disappeared. My constitution is now in excellent condition, and I feel twenty years younger."

"I consider your medicine the greatest boon ever given to the country, and I shall tell every one the great good it has done me. My earnest wish is, that your medicine may be found in every house where suffering exists."

## Place a Cake

OF...

## Baby's Own Soap

in your linen drawer and it will impart to your clothes the delicate aroma of fine French Pot-Pourri in a modified degree.

The longer you keep the Soap before using it the better.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP Co., Montreal, Sole Manufacturers



Dennis, when you indited the signature which lies before me. I think I shall just do you a delineation from the envelope. You are ambitious, persistent, egotistical, honest and have a decided penchant for the opposite sex, which in your case would possibly be very general in its expression. I would not tell you a state secret for worlds. You are neat, careful and conscientious, might as well be an old bachelor as anything else, judging from your writing, have lots of self-satisfaction and rather a saving disposition, somewhat apt to be proud, appreciative of a good joke, but not capable of originating one; on the whole a rather ordinary person.

J. FRANK.—I. If you have a very great deal of writing to do I should fancy you'd contract writer's cramp. It comes in the muscles of those fingers. (Of course you cannot write as attractive or flowing a hand as you might while you indulge in your peculiar way of holding your pen, but your writing is sufficiently legible to answer all business purposes. 2. You are adaptable, energetic, rather frank and careless of speech, logical and forceful in thought and rather bright in expression. Your judgment is slightly prejudiced, but on the whole you are anxious for justice and wishful to do right. If youth is the cause of several peculiarities, you only need time and care to develop a fine character. You are somewhat fond of race and a perfectionist in disposition.

RETRACTION.—When a gentleman asks a lady to skate where place is it to say when they shall stop? What a queer question! Probably most ladies know the answer, as most gentlemen keep on asking until the lady is tired and decides to rest. In case, however, these might be a lady so strong and a gentleman so feeble that she tired him out, I fancy the masculine mind would devise some way of escape—even a pretense of a loose skate would work his release. But in ordinary cases it rests entirely with the lady whether she skate or dance, and how long and how often. One sometimes hears a very outspoken man remark that he won't ask such and such a girl to skate, and he tied her to the end of the evening; and there are girls who don't know when to stop. If the hand is playing an invitation to skate which takes the nature of an invitation to dance, the man is quite justified in saying, "Please excuse me," and leaving the lady as soon as the music ceases. 2. Your writing shows rather a light and unmarked personality, fond of amusement, reasonably persevering in effort, somewhat humorous, careful and discreet, idealistic and illogical, but altogether apt to please and be popular socially, and very true and honest.

Try Derby Plug Smoking Tobacco, 5, 10 and 20 cent plugs.

## A Clean Cut.

"I went to a fine dinner last night where all the forks and knives and spoons were of silver."

"Let's see them."—Hullo.

## California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway has now on sale Winter Tourist Tickets at the lowest rates ever made, to Old Mexico and California. These rates are available for the Winter Fair at San Francisco. The banner route is the Great Trunk Line that passes through six states of the Union and has the most superb and magnificent trains in America. Full particulars may be had from any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

## Fare \$7.98.

Sympathetic Stranger (to tramp)—Amid the vast population of this great city have you never found a voice that took you back to the scenes of your childhood?

Tramp (with disgust)—Now—allus had to walk.

## English Opinion.

A writer in Herpath's London, England, Railway and Commercial Journal, of February 6, 1894, in an article on American Railroads, says:

"The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20,000 miles, is big."

After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:

"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."

## This Wouldn't Do.

First Quack—Here is a letter it would hardly do for us to publish. A man writes: "I have just taken the first bottle of your medicine—"

Second Quack—Well?

First Quack—There it breaks off short and is signed, in another handwriting, "per executor."

—Exchange.

## Home-Seekers' Excursion Tickets

Will be sold by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway on May 8th and May 29th, 1894, from Chicago to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Sioux City, Kansas City, and points beyond at practically one fare for the round trip. Excursion tickets will be good for return passage thirty days from date of sale, but are good for passage only on date of sale.

For further particulars apply to any coupon ticket agent in the United States or Canada, or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent, 87 York street, Toronto, Ont.

## Will Be a Respected Citizen.

Mr. Clothierstein—Dot poy of mine makes a fine business man some days.

Mr. Silverheimer—What makes you dink so?

Mr. Clothierstein—Well, when he was measured a man for a pair of pants yesterday he comes to me and says: 'Fadder, dot man has yout got dree dollars in his pocket. I feels dem, and ven I says to him, loud, Moses, bring me some of dose fife dollar pants, and he goes and gets some of dose one dollar pants and I knoeks dem down to der mans for dree dollars. Oh, Moses vos all ridt. He vill be a highly resbegged citizens some daya.—N. Y. Mercury.

## The King Summoned a Ghost.

One day at the dinner-table Frederick the Great introduced the subject of apparitions. It was generally asserted that they had little foundation in fact, but Frederick was firmly convinced that certain individuals, himself among the number, had the power to call spirits "from the vasty deep," though he rarely made use of it, as but few persons could endure the sight of a ghost. Turning to Count Z— he remarked:

"Now, if I were to show you a ghost, you would at once beat a rapid retreat, would you not?"

"Begging your Majesty's pardon," the count replied, "you know full well that I never flinch at the approach of danger, as I have abundantly proved on many occasions, nor should I tremble even at the sight of the Prince of Darkness himself."

The King smiled, and eloquently affirmed that it was no trifling matter to behold an apparition. Another guest, who was in the plot, entreated the King to give them a proof of his skill as a wizard, and when Count Z— joined in the request, Frederick consented, but as it was then too late he would postpone it to the morrow. Next day, at dessert, one of the guests reminded the King of his promise. When the servants had been ordered out of the room, the King took a small black wand, uttered a few unintelligible words, and described with the wand sundry circles in the air and on the ground. He then commanded Count Z— to open the door leading into the adjoining room. The count had no sooner done this than he started back in terror, turned pale, and could not speak a word. He saw in the next room his own wife dressed in white, walking with measured steps and gazing fixedly at him. The nobleman knew, for a certainty, that his wife was many miles away at the time, and he was utterly at a loss to account for her presence right there before his eyes. The fact is, the King had sent for her to Sansoneil by extra mail and had her drilled in the part she was to play in this little farce.

After leaving the count for a while to his astonishment, Frederick said, "What of your courage now? Go inside and embrace the ghost, whom you ought to know well enough. I thought I would spare your feelings as much as possible, and therefore showed you a familiar spirit."

On the command being repeated, Count Z— stepped to his wife, and at last discovered that it was all a hoax on the part of the King.—Bibliothek des Wissens.

A critical moment—Papa had just laid his youngest hopeful across his knees preparatory to administering a sound drubbing, when a visitor was announced, and the "educational process" had to be temporarily suspended.

When the visitor had left after a short interview, the stern parent tapped his forehead and asked the youngster, who had crept into a corner:

"Hum! Paulchen, what were we talking about just now?"—Unsere Gesellschaft.

On the command being repeated, Count Z— stepped to his wife, and at last discovered that it was all a hoax on the part of the King.—Bibliothek des Wissens.

A critical moment—Papa had just laid his youngest hopeful across his knees preparatory to administering a sound drubbing, when a visitor was announced, and the "educational process" had to be temporarily suspended.

When the visitor had left after a short interview, the stern parent tapped his forehead and asked the youngster, who had crept into a corner:

"Hum! Paulchen, what were we talking about just now?"—Unsere Gesellschaft.

On the command being repeated, Count Z— stepped to his wife, and at last discovered that it was all a hoax on the part of the King.—Bibliothek des Wissens.

A critical moment—Papa had just laid his youngest hopeful across his knees preparatory to administering a sound drubbing, when a visitor was announced, and the "educational process" had to be temporarily suspended.

When the visitor had left after a short interview, the stern parent tapped his forehead and asked the youngster, who had crept into a corner:

"Hum! Paulchen, what were we talking about just now?"—Unsere Gesellschaft.

On the command being repeated, Count Z— stepped to his wife, and at last discovered that it was all a hoax on the part of the King.—Bibliothek des Wissens.

A critical moment—Papa had just laid his youngest hopeful across his knees preparatory to administering a sound drubbing, when a visitor was announced, and the "educational process" had to be temporarily suspended.

When the visitor had left after a short interview, the stern parent tapped his forehead and asked the youngster, who had crept into a corner:

"Hum! Paulchen, what were we talking about just now?"—Unsere Gesellschaft.

On the command being repeated, Count Z— stepped to his wife, and at last discovered that it was all a hoax on the part of the King.—Bibliothek des Wissens.

A critical moment—Papa had just laid his youngest hopeful across his knees preparatory to administering a sound drubbing, when a visitor was announced, and the "educational process" had to be temporarily suspended.

When the visitor had left after a short interview, the stern parent tapped his forehead and asked the youngster, who had crept into a corner:

"Hum! Paulchen, what were we talking about just now?"—Unsere Gesellschaft.

On the command being repeated, Count Z— stepped to his wife, and at last discovered that it was all a hoax on the part of the King.—Bibliothek des Wissens.

A critical moment—Papa had just laid his youngest hopeful across his knees preparatory to administering a sound drubbing, when a visitor was announced, and the "educational process" had to be temporarily suspended.

When the visitor had left after a short interview, the stern parent tapped his forehead and asked the youngster, who had crept into a corner:

"Hum! Paulchen, what were we talking about just now?"—Unsere Gesellschaft.

On the command being repeated, Count Z— stepped to his wife, and at last discovered that it was all a hoax on the part of the King.—Bibliothek des Wissens.

A critical moment—Papa had just laid his youngest hopeful across his knees preparatory to administering a sound drubbing, when a visitor was announced, and the "educational process" had to be temporarily suspended.

When the visitor had left after a short interview, the stern parent tapped his forehead and asked the youngster, who had crept into a corner:

"Hum! Paulchen, what were we talking about just now?"—Unsere Gesellschaft.

On the command being repeated, Count Z— stepped to his wife, and at last discovered that it was all a hoax on the part of the King.—Bibliothek des Wissens.

A critical moment—Papa had just laid his youngest hopeful across his knees preparatory to administering a sound drubbing, when a visitor was announced, and the "educational process" had to be temporarily suspended.

When the visitor had left after a short interview, the stern parent tapped his forehead and asked the youngster, who had crept into a corner:

"Hum! Paulchen, what were we talking about just now?"—Unsere Gesellschaft.

On the command being repeated, Count Z— stepped to his wife, and at last discovered that it was all a hoax on the part of the King.—Bibliothek des Wissens.

A critical moment—Papa had just laid his youngest hopeful across his knees preparatory to administering a sound drubbing, when a visitor was announced, and the "educational process" had to be temporarily suspended.



## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.  
TELEPHONE No. 1709.Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:  
One Year..... \$2 00  
Six Months..... 1 00  
Three Months..... 50Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.  
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), PROPRIETORS.

VOL. VII TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1894. [No. 29]

## Exorcised.

ALTHOUGH we frequently and forcibly represented the impossibility of it to Isabel, yet that open-minded and unscientific damsel persisted in believing that the spirit of one departed came into our drawing-room on certain nights and wailed audibly. Of course the wind swoops round that corner of the house sometimes as if it meant to tear the wall down, but as Roger pointed out to Isabel, she couldn't expect an equinoctial gale to take its boots off and creep past our place on tiptoe for fear of waking her. But she merely told him that if his ears were so dull he couldn't distinguish between the sound of the wind and this other sound, he needn't expect to be really awakened by anything short of the archangel's trumpet. After that I began to note a difference in the noises, but I noted also that I never was quite sure until I heard Isabel's foot on the stair. People are different. Now, if I thought there was a disembodied spirit downstairs I should most certainly stay upstairs in my own room, under the bed-clothes probably. But that wasn't Isabel's policy; at the very first foot that Mystery gave she would plunge downstairs, no matter how soundly she had been sleeping the moment before, and I would plunge after her and Roger after me. He was always last, because I had to hammer at his door to waken him and it usually took a few seconds to disabuse his mind of the idea that it was breakfast time. When he finally staggered into the drawing-room he lit every gas-jet and requested Isabel to produce her ghost. I never could tell whether Isabel was disappointed or relieved when nothing was found after a careful, and I rather think inaudibly profane, search by our long-suffering brother. She merely folded her dressing-gown about her and went upstairs again. She could carry off a flaccid of that sort better than anyone I knew.

But the rest of us found it monotonous after a while. We tried many methods of cure. We ridiculed that ghost, which was ungrateful of us, for Roger and I actually caught a glimpse of it one night when we were closer behind Isabel than usual. But that was when there were white curtains in the drawing-room, and the electric light at the corner does swing about most uncertainly. I got mother to have dark curtains put on those windows after that, but it's true that I saw something white and ethereal in that corner of the room the next time I joined Isabel's midnight campaign. I didn't tell Roger that, and even if he did see it without me, I haven't any faith in anybody's eyes at two o'clock in the morning. However, our bare-faced disregard in making light of Isabel's spirit, what other people would have called the evidence of their senses, had no effect at all. Then Roger tried the sacred light of knowledge; he imparted to our sweet sister all the science he knew—which wasn't enough to upset her faith. Then we tried what is known as "the explosive power of a new idea." We began to be gay and sociable, and Roger kept bringing up the most charming young men he could capture, to play whilst in the evening—in short, we were most conscientiously frivolous for a time. Do you suppose all that made Isabel sleep more soundly when the corner of the drawing-room began to whimper in the dead of the night? Not the least bit, though she responded in the most sisterly fashion to Roger's efforts and obligingly bestowed her young affections on one of the charming young men, simultaneously with the bestowal of his upon her. That ought to have eclipsed a disembodied wail, you'd think. Now, if I had a ghost to play with I shouldn't want a lover, really I shouldn't, and if I had—well, if I had I shouldn't want a ghost under any circumstances. But Isabel was large-hearted enough for both; nothing prevented her cordial reception of that old sneak of a spectre when he called.

Now, it's just a little ridiculous to have a person in one's family who believes in ghosts; even if you happened to have seen the thing yourself you would be annoyed with your sister for believing in it. It was necessary to deprive Isabel of her ghost. Roger said, because, apart from the lunacy of the thing, these midnight entertainments were beginning to tell on his constitution. I am a pretty robust sort of girl, but I was beginning to get tired of turning out in the pitch darkness to chaperone a young damsel who desired to receive spirits. So we held private consultations and put all the white Providence had trusted us with together, and finally one night it happened that, simultaneously with the first low wall from the haunted room, I heard Roger's door bang resolutely and knew that he would reach the scene of action before our gifted sister. I stepped into the hall just in time to see her come out of her room, looking half asleep and a little puzzled. I followed her downstairs and into the reception room of the ghost, and when I reached that august presence I complied hastily with Roger's request for light. When the room was illuminated Isabel was revealed gripping the back of a chair with both hands and staring at a small and apparently badly frightened boy in Roger's grasp. Roger was giving his views on the subject of practical jokes, and in the inter-



Major Villiers Stanley



Quartermaster J. R. Henkes



Paymaster A. Burdett Lee



Lieut Col R B Hamilton



Surgeon J W Leslie



Asst Surgeon W Nattress



Major J M Delamore



Capt Adjt M S Mercer



Capt Br Major H M Pellatt

## Staff-Officers Queen's Own Rifles.

stances of his remarks the lad could be heard explaining that he wanted to frighten the cook, who had discourteously refused to allow his dog to chase our cat, and she needn't have interfered anyway, for the cat could take care of herself.

It was a finished performance, and it was only out of consideration for Isabel that I kept from laughing. But I wasted my thoughtfulness that time. Isabel watched the boy disentangling himself from his white wrappings and listened till his explanation was ended, then she laughed pluckily and turned to go upstairs. I went with her, and when she stopped on the landing to say something I hurried her on, at the risk of losing her remark, because I was afraid she might hear Roger, as he let the boy out at the hall door, giving him the dollar we had promised and warning him not to tell anyone.

K. L. JOHNSTON.

## Our Midway Plaisance.

ON Monday evening a good many society people turned out to witness the opening of the Midway Plaisance, the representation given by the Queen's Own Rifles during this week. The crack regiment has many admirers and well-wishers, and these turned out in great numbers to make the Plaisance what it should be, a kaleidoscope of shifting fragments of humanity. The daily papers have probably made all of my readers familiar with the routine and main features of the show which exceeded in racket and originality the far-famed Chicago affair, though in space it was somewhat confined. The close proximity of the different musical organizations rather confused the effect of each, and rendered some of the efforts of the concert performers quite inaudible. However, everyone was disposed to make the best of things, and certainly the various fakirs, managers and participants spared no pains to please the patrons of the Q. O. R. "D" Company provided the Columbia Guards, who strolled about in their correct garb in a most businesslike and blasé manner. These were the chief characteristics of the original Columbia Guards, and seemed to go on with the uniforms. "D" Company had charge of old Vienna, with an Italian instead of a Hungarian orchestra, and ice cream was served by picturesque waiters and ambiguous waitresses, who demonstrated in a way no one could dispute the fact that each sex had better stick to the garments custom has assigned them. These grilles, however, were a pattern of zeal and good nature to some of those whose business it is to "stand and wait," in their own proper garb and in more pretentious salons. Opposite to old Vienna was the Chinese theater, where contortionists and Chinese music were both trying to the nerves. A good deal of by-play was continually going on in the Midway proper, where Wright, the Irish policeman, was a never-failing source of amusement. The German village was presided over by "K" company and the kazoo band numbered some very smart-looking young men. I think the Dahoman war party with its harrowing and cannibalistic orgies, many times repeated, was generally awarded the palm. Perhaps on closing day a vote might be taken from the audience as to which company had the best show.

Certainly the make-up of "Murray's Dandies" was something astonishing. The Indian village had noise and action enough, and an occasional sortie or capture of some brave of an opposite stripe or tribe enlivened the vicinity of their village, which was managed and manned by "B" company. The Irish village was under the care of "F" Company, with clog dancers and singers in true World's Fair

Recognized the Keys. The proprietor of a traveling circus announced that on a certain night a trained elephant would play the Russian Hymn on a piano with its trunk. When the evening came, the circus was crowded to the roof with an expectant public. After the usual performances had been gone through, four men carried in a cottage piano, which they placed in the center of the arena. When the intelligent animal was brought in, he walked slowly three times around the ring, and then, amid the keenest excitement, advanced to the piano.



With a slight movement of his trunk he opened the key board, but scarce had he done so when a sudden change came over his appearance. His eye dilated with rage and fear, he lifted his trunk in the air, and then with a scream of terror he rushed out of the arena. The proprietor of the circus and the elephant's keeper held a short and hurried consultation, and then they, too, left the ring.

After a few moments the circus proprietor entered again, and announced with regret that the performance could not take place. The fact was, he said, that the elephant had recognized in the key-board of the instrument a portion of the tusks of his long-lost mother, who had fallen a prey to the ivory-hunters of Africa. London Million.

## Recognized the Keys.

Southey wrote to Sir Walter Scott, "Of Baron Munchausen I can tell you something. Some years ago in London I was a little startled at hearing a foreigner ushered under this title into a musical party. As this naturally led to enquiries on my part, I was referred to the gentleman himself, who very good-humoredly told me he was the nephew of the celebrated Baron Munchausen, who was a minister under Frederick of Prussia.

It seems the old baron was a humorist, who after dinner, especially if he happened to have any guests who were likely to be taken in by his marvels, used to amuse himself by inventing or relating such marvelous adventures as are contained in the volumes which bear his name. He added that his uncle was in other respects a sensible, veracious man, and that his adventures were only told by the way of quizzing or amusing society.

A starving German literatus, whose name I have forgot, who knew the baron and thought he had been neglected by him, compiled the book in revenge, partly from the stories of the baron, partly from other sources, and partly from his mother wit. It proved a good hit for the bookseller, as the baron's name and humor were well known, and by degrees made its way into other countries as a book of entertainment."—Familiar Letters of Walter Scott.

The New Valet. "Well, Joseph, did you take my letter to M. de Y—?" "Yes sir, but I am afraid he won't be able to read it, for he is blind." "Blind?" "Yes, sir; while I was standing right in front of him in his private office he asked me twice where my hat was, and I had it on my head all the time—ha, ha!"—Le Petit Calaisien.

At the Theater. A youth who had been paid by the enemies of the post Lamotte to hire a tragedy of the latter which was being performed for the first time, was so deeply affected by a pathetic scene, that, bursting into tears, he turned to a friend who was sitting by and said to him:

"Do me the favor of hissing instead of me; I haven't either the courage or the strength to do it."—L'Odéon.

Teacher (in geography class)—What is a strait? Tommy—I know, mum; it's next to a flash.—Hullo.

## To "L."

In answer to the poem which appeared in a recent issue entitled I Shall Not Forget Thee, by "L."

## For Saturday Night.

Pray do not forget me tho' "fate hath decreed th' Why should we, dear "L," "drift ever apart?" Can't we have "apartments?" don't die in a hurry, Turn on the electric! says the "love" of thy "heart."

No, pray don't forget me! Earth won't fail, don't trust it! She'll hang to her gravity—you hang to me; I'd a deuced sight rather meet you down at Watson's And join you instead in an ice-cream, d'ye see?

Let up on your singing, let up on your spouting, Take out your wallet and jangle the cash! Propose to the dad like a man for his daughter, You furnish the beef and I'll cook up the hash!

It's awfully pleasant, dear "L," all your sighing, To meet me in heaven, 'way up in the skies; But I'm horribly real, no angel about me, My glove and my boot is a No. 6 size! Regies, Anna.

CORA.

## Behind the Clouds

## For Saturday Night.

Behind the clouds, the darkness dense and drear, The gash'ring gloom which says the storm is near, The sun serene and undisturbed shines still, Waiting in silent majesty until The clouds their work shall do and disappear.

When care and grief thy bright skies darken here And loneliness gather, let this be thy cheer, The light is hid—God's purpose to fulfill— Behind the clouds!

He is our sun, dispelling doubt and fear And warmth of love, drying each faithless tear; His face He hides while storms of seeming ill In fury burst, working His perfect will Of love and calm, and still he shineth clear Behind the clouds! NANNIE H. WOODRUFF.

## The Merle.

## For Saturday Night.

Upclomb the skies a merry merle, Descending thence in showers of song, And as the windy eddies whirl, Echoes their favorites' notes prolong; For they so love her minstrelsy They would not let her music die.

Who taught thee all thy careless art? Whence flow those melodies divine? Thou feathered poet of the heart, Could I but link my voice with thine, Then would I soar with thee, full proud, To lose myself in yonder cloud.

The nightingale may sing more soft, Warbling when all the air is still, Balanced on bloomy spray aloft Against a palace window-sill; But thou dost pierce and pierce the heart, And force the trembling tears to start.

The mounting lark outsoars thee far, Half entered in the gate of Heaven, When Phoebus pales the morning star, Along Olympus' summits drives; But thou wilt earthward nearer lie, Nor scorn the earth, nor alight the sky.

Oh happy bird! oh songster gay! Thou silver orator of woods, Turn, turn again thy roundelay And bless a lover's solitude, And while the woodlands round thee ring, I'll swear no bird like thee can sing.

MAYOR.

## Fame and Love.

## For Saturday Night.

Fame is a fairy of idolatrous grace, Ducked out in a robe of spun gold, As more through life's garden she walks space Where the buds and blossoms unfold. She trips along with a careless song, And leads not the plaintive calling Of the weary ones who have waited long And watched for her tardy coming.

She sits at ease, amidst the flowers and weeds, While her laurel crowns her unheeded, Which should wreath the heroes of noble deeds Ere the short-lived day has receded. But the hours go by and she lingers still, And tired heads droop in sorrow As they turn to their work with a stern will And whisper, "She'll come to-morrow."

The sun goes down in the shadowy west, And Fame sings low as she sinks to rest: "Oh, wait not for me! I am fickle and gay, Toil on weary ones while I dally and play; Thy crown will soon perish, their flowers decay, Then a truce to thy folly; cease calling I pray."

Love is a fairy most winsome and coy Who cares not to dally or mope; Her luscious lips are the gates of Joy And her eyes the skies of Hope; Her step is fleet as the wings of Dawn, Her arms soft pillows for Pain; Her voice is music's most sacred shrine, Her heart is life's sheltered domain. She flies on the wings of radiant glory, As she spreads the net of her subtle charms With a smile full tender and knowing; Sweetly she sings as she weaves her spell, And this is the song she sings so well: "More beautiful than a Pansy, 'tis my mission to bless, There is bliss in my name, in my breath a caress; Oh, blessed are they who dispute not my sway, For I live when Fame's footsteps have long passed away Portage in Paris. MARIE EDITH BRYSON.

## Poor Time for Poets.

What wonder that the poets of this gray age regret That themes for making poetry are now so hard to get! Those pleasant rural pictures which for years employed the pen Of poets have been crowded out to never come again.

The weary plowman never more shall plod his weary way; He rides a sulky-like affair—a jockey trim and gay. The sower scattering the seeds amid no more is seen, For that, like all the other work, is done by a machine.

The sooty the mower used to swing is rusting in the shed. A hired man now whacks the colts that do the work instead.

The merry cradlers in the wheat we can no more discern, The job they had they yielded to a patent right concern.

The jolly thrasher, with his flail, upon the old barn floor—He, too, has left the country, for his usefulness is o'er. With others he was pushed aside and forced to clear the way.

For mechanism, dull and dry, that rules the land to-day The loom and spinning wheel, which maidens used to ply with art, Have gone, and naught has come to fill their once poetic part.

Stern realism rules the age from cradle to the grave, There's nothing left concerning which the poet's muse may rave.

Since nearly every task to-day is done by steam or horse, Tuff, as a poet's theme, has grown too practical of course. Wherever we may turn there's naught but mechanism o'er, And even poetry like this is made by a machine.

—Chicago Mail.



# Between You and Me.

THE latest thing in Toronto is the miniature Midway Plaisance. The last thing in protest is the growl from the British Lion about the vast sum of money charged for the constructing of Victoria House, the British headquarters at the World's Fair. Fourteen thousand pounds is the sum in the accounts presented by the commissioner, and some English people wonder—and in their wonder I can fully sympathize—where the money was put; surely not in the building, which certainly did not look as if it cost a large amount. With the truly commercial spirit of the nation of shopkeepers, one of their leading journalists (after citing the various amounts expended on the headquarters, art exhibit and incidentals, which were a good deal over a quarter of a million), remarks, "I come to the conclusion that the British taxpayer might have invested his money to much better advantage." And I wonder what American journalist would have had the callousness to make a like remark under similar circumstances! The spirit of trade would be lacking in him.

The bicycle laws in India make us feel ourselves blessed, for in that land of mystery and miracle the unfortunate cyclist has lately been forbidden to ride after dark within certain limits, these limits sometimes taking in a circle of ten miles in diameter, so that he must trundle his wheel five miles sometimes, either going to or returning from his evening spin. As an irate cyclist justly remarks, this practically vetoes cycling for the rider who has been hard at work all day and needs only a ride of a few miles to refresh him for sleep. India is a long way off, fortunately for us, but we have a few lawmakers who must have passed a previous existence out there, if one may judge from their attitude towards the votaries of the wheel.

What strange antipathies people have to certain forms and fashions of dress, and how earnestly they denounce those fashions! I remember hearing a rather refined young physician railing against the Empire dress as it was worn here a couple of years past. He grew quite angry and his words were of a strength quite unbecoming for him, but he honestly abhorred the gown. I know a woman who detests a manly beard, and who wept floods of tears and refused to be comforted because her "hubby" began to grow one. Hubby had to shave or be fairly drowned out. I also have some cranky notions of my own, such as an antipathy to red neckties, square-toed shoes and diamonds. I don't expect anyone to believe that last, but it's quite true. Every other precious stone I enjoy and would wear with pleasure, but diamonds are my bete noir in jewelry.

There are many people who have a mania for writing to the papers. Those whose business takes them behind the scenes know with philosophical indifference that hardened being, the editor, opens, peruses and files these windy documents into the W.P.B., for it is a fact that only one out of a hundred contains the germ of an idea or a vestige of practical sense. However, there is the hundredth letter, as there was the hundredth man, and one of those has just been printed, written on behalf of certain condemned socialists of Italy, by no less a personage than Mademoiselle de la Ramee—"Ouida" as she is better known. How her sentences burn; how her words flash fire; how her facts rise from lakes of tears and dark chasms of despair! One feels as one reads of the clever, bright and gifted youths arrested, tried, shaved, disfigured and thrown into solitary and noxious dungeons, half-starved and gradually succumbing to delirium or imbecility, that this thing needs some looking into; that from all over the free, bright American world a mighty cry for justice should go up, and that Italy, land of love and art, is knocking the props from under the image of freedom and liberty which Garibaldi the soldier hath set up!

I had a glorious time in the funny little Midway on Monday evening. How, do you think? Not laughing at the Vienna waltz-girls with their unbraced hose and their boot-strap sticking up behind, nor at the black Lottie Collins in the Dahomeyan dance, nor at any of the beauties, or guys, or handsome sergeants, or large-padded flower-girls. No, it was at the expressions on the faces of the audience! I studied them with many inward chuckles and outward pretenses. Judges, parsons, knights and squires, such a peculiar lot of expressions as stole over their faces I never saw but once in my life before. Here and there was the merry soul, shining in quiet laughter through the eyes. There was the man lacking the appetite for larks—judging, weighing, perhaps criticizing, and maybe censorious; he was quite the most ludicrous thing at the Army that opening night. There were half-surprised folk and comparison-making folk and arguing folk; some citing instances and noting details like or unlike the World's Fair. Some consumed with convulsive mirth that was half memory and half present reality. Over all there was a savor of unreality, which differed from the piquant novelty and incongruity of the real Midway as chalk differs from cheese. However, the expressions on the faces of the visitors were just precisely the same as delighted me in the real Midway, only there was, especially among the men, a lack of the boyish enjoyment which irradiated the careworn countenance of many an old hayseed from "Kaintuck and Alabama," while they wondered, laughed and took in the many funny things, people and doings of the first Midway.

She was a newly made wife, and as she stood in her pretty traveling gown, with a pile of satin and tulle and flowers and lace heaped on the bed beside her, there came a tap at the door, a half-timid, most eloquent little tap. The maid of honor opened it and then, signing to the lady's-maid to follow her, she went out, passing on the threshold the mother of the little bride, who came softly in and locked the door behind her. "Mother!" cried the young wife, the color rushing to and from her cheeks, and a ring in her voice like a broken or slackened harp string. The mother took her hands,



Capt. Major J. A. Murray



Capt. Major J. C. McGee



Capt. W. G. Mutton



Capt. Bruce Thompson



Capt. P. L. Munro



Capt. K. F. Gunther



Capt. C. C. Bennett



Capt. R. Rennie



Capt. A. G. Peuchen

## Captains Queen's Own Rifles.

soft and white, and looked at the bright new wedding ring. She tried to speak, to think, but speech was dead, and thoughts were too deep for utterance. She had store of counsel, of hopeful, loving counsel, which she had saved for this quarter of an hour; her own precious knowledge, her patience, her love and her hope which she had kept for her daughter, and yet now she stood dumb! "I am happy, mother," faltered the little bride, trembling, and the tears brimming over her soft, pink cheeks and falling on her new yellow ring. Then the mother laid her head on the young thing's shoulder and covered her face with her daughter's ringed and tear-wet hand; and so they stood, silent, heart to heart, until there came a knock, so firm, so commanding, so eager and urgent. "Behold the bridegroom cometh!" she said unsteadily, and unlocking the door she ran up into a little dark attic room for a moment to compose herself and cover the empty nest in her heart, from which her birdling had flown.

LADY GAY.

## He Rubbed it In

A suburban resident, whose home is on a height far above his railway station and approachable by a moderately short, steep path and a long roundabout road, fell in with a book-agent the other day. The suburban was just hastening off in his carriage to the station, but the book-agent nailed him with his glittering eye and sold his book for five dollars. The suburban traveled down to New York with his book in his hand, found it extremely dull, and left it at his office. On reaching home, he was saluted by his wife with the announcement that she had paid for the book, as he desired. It was the same book, the agent having watched his victim depart, and deceived the wife by the story that her husband had bought the book and desired her to pay for it. "If I had him here, I'd kick him," said the suburban, and then his wife exclaimed, "Why, there he is, walking down the path to the station." Then that man hastened out of his slippers and into his shoes, meaning to pursue the agent. But a neighbor drove up at that moment and was asked to drive down to the station and stop the stranger. Off went the neighbor like a shot, and halted the man just as he was about to board the train. "That man up there on the bluff wants you," said the obliging neighbor. "Oh, yes; he wants one of my books," said the agent; "do you mind taking it for him? It's five dollars." The money was paid, and the neighbor hurried back with the price. "Here's your book," he cried, holding it aloft, "and I've paid the five dollars," and the suburban realized with wrath that he had three copies of a dull book that he did not want.

New York Sun.

## Polly's Prayer was an Astonisher.

Two old ladies were presented with a parrot which proved to be given to the use of such exceedingly bad language that they feared they should have to part with it. Some friends hearing of their trouble, offered to send their parrot, who was a most properly conducted bird, on a visit to the offender with a view to elevating his conversation. The good parrot arrived and by his constant sanctimonious talk greatly irritated his companion. At last one day the bad parrot, exasperated beyond all bounds, exclaimed violently: "Hang these old maids and their parrots!" "For Christ's sake. Amen!" ejaculated the good parrot.—Exchange.

## Willing to Guess

She (severely)—Henry, what is a poker chip? He (frankly)—It's a chip off a poker, I suppose. Did I guess it?

## A Voice from the Grave.

Truth is stranger than fiction. In these days, when detective stories are flooding the book-shops, it may not be uninteresting to recall as strange an event as any they record, and one which actually took place within time of mind. I cannot give you the names for fear of violating professional reticence, but I will tell you all I know about an occurrence which can never be forgotten by any of those concerned in it. It made, perhaps, a deeper impression on me than it might on some men, for I am conscious of belonging to that dull and comfortable class of the community to whom nothing ever happens. There are people for whom the book of life is written in bald and unadorned prose; page after page is turned for them by fate, and always with unvarying monotony—they travel with uneventful ease, for the dramatic element has no affinity for them and refuses to appear in their company. This had been my case through life when, in the summer of 18—, I went to stay with a friend of mine in Ireland, who was a very active magistrate there. He had detected more crime and brought more offenders to justice than any man in Ireland, and had taken a considerable part in resisting, on his own account, the tyranny of the Land League, and in encouraging and supporting any of those landowners who were courageous enough to combine against it. There had been an outrage in the neighborhood shortly before my arrival there; a very brutal murder had been committed. Major Browne had been in vain requisitioned the publicans in the neighborhood for cars to convey the police to the scene of the tragedy. Not a car was in order, not a horse was sound in the whole countryside, and had it not been for one young tenant-farmer, Michael Finlay by name, no soul would have come to his assistance. Finlay owed a debt of gratitude to the magistrate, who had cleared his character from a serious accusation that had been brought against him, and ever since that event a tie of gratitude on the one side, and of affection on the other, had united the two men. Owing to his action in the matter of the cars, Finlay shared the disfavor with which Major Browne was regarded by all the patriots in the neighborhood; but he was a cool and determined young fellow, with a healthy indifference to the opinions of his neighbors.



"What ails your hand?" said he sharply.

On the evening on which my story opens Major Browne and I were sitting together in that grateful, contented mood produced by a combination of coffee and tobacco. The tables were strewn with boxes, letters, paper-weights,

fly books, pamphlets, and all hoarded rubbish of single life. The twilight was rapidly deepening out of doors, but the air which stole in through the open window was so warm and still that I almost fancied there was in it the hush of an approaching thunderstorm. Suddenly we heard a confused sound of voices in the hall and the sitting-room door was flung hurriedly open. A young Irishwoman, white to her very lips, stood before us, struggling to speak, but her utterance seemed choked by terror. "Oh, Major!" she stammered at last, "for God's sake come! They are killing Michael Finlay down the road." The Major needed no second telling; he had dashed past the girl, and, seizing a heavy shillelah from the hall, was out at the garden gate and running down the road before I had time to realize the meaning of her words. I followed him hastily, and as I ran I thought that I caught sight of a man's figure in the distance, stealing along the hedge in an opposite direction to our own. A black shadow lay across the whiteness of the moonlit road, and when I came up with the Major he was kneeling down beside it, and had raised his friend in his arms. "Oh, Mike, dear fellow, have they killed you?" he said; but no answer came from the form he was supporting. It was a lifeless one. Michael Finlay was lying before us, stabbed to the heart, with only the stars overhead to witness how he had come by so foul an end.

Major Browne had the dead man carried home and registered an oath that he would rest neither by day nor by night till he had tracked the murderer down and requited him according to his crime. As soon as it was daylight he made a careful examination of the scene of the tragedy, and drew certain conclusions from the traces of conflict which were to be found on the ground. A wound on the back of the murdered man's head indicated that he had first been struck from behind. He had then probably fallen, dragging his assailant down with him, and a scuffle had taken place, in which the murderer had finally succeeded in overpowering and stabbing his victim; such, at least, were the conclusions drawn by Major Browne, from evidence so slight as to be almost invisible to unprofessional eyes. We were puzzled by the fact that Finlay had not called for help, although the whole affair took place within a few hundred yards of where we were sitting, and it was hardly possible that any outcry could have escaped our ears; also, we knew of no motive sufficient to account for Finlay's murder, unless, indeed, he had been mistaken in the dark for the Major, as, although a younger and more powerful man, he was somewhat of the same height and appearance. This idea was, however, so painful a one for my friend, that I forbore to do more than hint at it, although it may well be that it assisted



"Oh, Mike, dear fellow, have they killed you?"

to stimulate his desire for justice. The girl who gave the alarm was examined, but in vain; she was going home across the fields when she saw Finlay fall, and a man leave his side hurriedly and join another who was standing apparently watching them a little way off, but she was at too great a distance to distinguish what took place, and she either would not or could not give us any help towards identifying either of the two men. We buried Michael Finlay hastily as best we could, for no assistance was to be had in the matter except from his own relatives, and we remained with very little but suspicion to direct our enquiries into the circumstances attending his violent death. But a few days after the murder Major Browne entered my room one morning early with a gleam of satisfaction on his grave face.

"I think I have a clue," said he. "I am going to D—this morning" (naming a small town about five miles off). "Will you come with me?"

I readily agreed, and after breakfast we started together. On the way my host informed me that a man had been arrested whose character had lain for some time under suspicion, and whom the police had traced to the neighborhood of our house on the very evening of the murder, but they evidently feared that an utter absence of proof would render it impossible to bring the crime home, whatever suspicions they might have; under these circumstances the Major was anxious to see the man himself, and we accordingly drove to the police-court where he was detained. Major Browne could get very little out of the prisoner; he gave a plausible enough account of himself and his movements, and I began to doubt if indeed he was open to serious suspicion, when suddenly my friend turned upon him.

"What ails your hand?" said he sharply. "Hold it out to me."

The man suddenly complied, and we saw a curious wound—a small piece of flesh was entirely missing from the side of his hand.

"That is a nasty hurt—and pray how did you come by that, Pat Ryan?" said the Major.

"Well, now, your honor, I did it with a scythe, so I did, a week ago," replied the man.

"And what were you doing with a scythe?" "Sure it was mowing a bit of grass for the widow Maloney I was, and the devil got into the thing just as I was trying to sharpen it, and it slipped unawares in my hand—worse luck to it."

The Major heard him without a comment, then drew out a pocket-lens and examined the injury long and carefully. After a few more questions the man was remanded, and we left the place and remounted our car.

"I am going to Dublin at once," said my friend as we drove off together. "I must go to the castle myself to-night, and I may not be back till late."

"Do you see your way clear to having that man up for trial?" said I.

He answered me by another question. "Do you know what caused that wound on Ryan's hand?" he asked, "and would you like me to tell you its history? That wound was caused by a bite—it was inflicted in a struggle by a man who was lying underneath his assailant on the ground; the man who inflicted it did not leave go, but the hand was torn from his clenched teeth. What I have to find now is that missing fragment of flesh, and when I have found that I shall know what Pat Ryan was doing on the night of Michael Finlay's murder."

Some time had already elapsed since that night, but the imaginative conviction of the investigator was so strong and clear that he succeeded in impressing it upon the authorities, and he returned from Dublin with permission for the exhumation of the body of Michael Finlay.

This was carried out the next morning. "If I am right," said the Major as we stood by the coffin together—"and I would almost stake my life on the issue—that missing fragment of flesh will be found between the teeth of the corpse."

On opening the dead man's mouth his strange and terrible deduction proved correct—the silent witness to Pat Ryan's crime was there, and he was convicted and hanged.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

## Two of a Kind.



A SHARP, grating noise, followed by complete silence for a moment or two, then it recommenced and the startled listener, with a low chuckle stole softly down the dimly lighted staircase into the semi-darkness of the long hall.

A sharp turn to the right brought him before the door of the dining-room. Here the grating noise sounded more distinct and clear. Evidently it proceeded from the room before him. A moment he hesitated, then, as the noise ceased, he placed his hand on the handle and softly entered. A draught of cold air chilled his face as, soft-footed as a cat, he tip-toed gently to the recess formed by a large bay-window and, drawing the curtains before him, waited.

A muffled sound from the open window, then a gleam of light flashed across the room. Peering from his hiding-place he saw the intruder raise his bull's eye lantern and flash it about the room. Re-assured, he placed it on the massive sideboard and crossing to the door, which stood ajar, gently locked it. Moving quietly about the room he placed every available valuable in a commodious sack, and at length surveying the dismantled surroundings turned his steps towards the door of the plate closet.

"Humph!" muttered the unseen witness of these operations; "time to foil this gentleman's intentions," and, placing one hand quickly in his pocket, he stepped into the room.

The slight noise he made startled the burglar. Like a flash his hand went behind his back.

"Not so fast," said the other quickly, "I have you covered." A sudden scowl passed over the burglar's villainous-looking face. "I thought it time to interfere," went on the master of the situation, eying the discomfited man keenly, "and now perhaps you will oblige me by dropping that sack."

With an oath the man obeyed. "I suppose the game's up," he said savorily.

"I am afraid so," rejoined the other in a mock regretful tone. "I have been watching you since you entered the room."

"Well, you have me now," returned the would-be thief recklessly. "I suppose this means a longer term than usual."

"I have not said that I intend to have you arrested," was the answer, spoken in the subdued tone both men instinctively seemed to adopt. "I mean to let you off this time, but remember, 'stepping forward a little and looking intently into the man's face, 'if I ever see you again and you open your mouth to anyone on the subject of this night's work, I will make you suffer for it. You hear me?'"

The man stood dumfounded for a moment.

"All right, governor," he said hoarsely. "I ain't likely to say anything about it. And now," eying him doubtfully, "I suppose I may go!"

"Yes, you may go the way you came," said the other quietly, still covering him with his revolver. "But stay," he added hastily, as the discomfited thief prepared to leave, "leave the lantern. I will keep it as a souvenir of the occasion." With a sigh of relief the fellow lowered himself from the still open window and hastened away.

For the space of five minutes the man at the window waited, listening intently. Then crossing the room lightly he unlocked the door and again listened eagerly. Not a sound broke the intense stillness.

"All serene," he muttered with relief. Then, chuckling softly, he re-locked the door and, picking up the sack, he carried it to the open door of the plate closet. Shutting the lantern a few moments later he turned lowered himself from the window and, noiselessly closing it behind him, hastened with his booty through the garden gate, still chuckling softly. J.



## Short Stories Retold.

In a case in which a man was accused of forgery, a witness for the defence managed to say: "I know that the prisoner cannot write his own name." "All that is excluded," said the judge; "the prisoner is not charged with writing his own name, but that of someone else!"

The members of a theatrical company, traveling through Lake George on their way to Canada, were commenting upon the grandeur of the scenery, when the train came to a standstill. One of the men, becoming impatient, ventured out, and upon his return was asked the cause of the delay. "Well," he replied, "a piece of the scenery has fallen across the track."

Once Comte Villiers de L'Isle Adam was at a dinner, at which the Naundorff pretender to the throne of the Bourbons was the guest, and the latter displayed heartless behavior to an old adherent. In the midst of the awkward silence, Villiers arose, glass in hand, and turned toward the Prince. "Sir," he said, "I drink your majesty's health. Your claims are certainly beyond dispute. You have all the ingratitude of a king!"

During a strike on the North British Railway, much difficulty was experienced in finding engineers to keep the necessary trains running. One of the substitutes, a young fellow, ran some distance past a station, and then, putting back, ran as much too far the other way. He was preparing to make a third attempt, when the station-agent shouted, to the great amusement of the passengers: "Never mind, Tammas; stay where you are! We'll shift the station."

A good story, which is of course untrue, is told on Judge Durham. The incident is said to have happened while he was Controller of Currency. One Sunday, so the story goes, the Judge, who is a devout man, went to church in Washington. The audience was an inspiring one, and the sermon a good one. When the minister had quit speaking he said: "Now let us return thanks to the Great Controller of the Universe." No sooner had the words been uttered than the Judge, who is a gentleman of the old school, arose and publicly thanked the preacher for the distinguished honor he had paid him.

Down in South Minneapolis there is a barber named Hans. The other day he found himself a victim of financial depression and seemed on the eve of a crisis. He was able, however, to borrow two dollars from his friend the shoemaker, and with this financial assistance he tided over his difficulties. His gratitude to his friend the shoemaker knew no bounds, and he was scarce able to find words in which to express his obligation. "Johann," he cried, "oh, mein Johann, if ever your fader und moder die, if ever you are hungry or haven't anything to wear, just come to me Johann, und I will shave you for nothing."

This tale is told in the East: A lady one day found a man following her, and she asked him why he did so. His reply was: "You are very beautiful, and I am in love with you." "Oh! you think me beautiful, do you? There is my sister over there, you will find her much more beautiful than I am. Go and make love to her." On hearing this the man went to see the sister, but found she was very ugly; so he came back in an angry mood, and asked the lady why she had told him a falsehood. She then answered: "Why did you tell me a falsehood?" The man was surprised at this accusation and asked when he had done so. Her answer was: "You said you loved me. If that had been true, you would not have gone to make love to another woman."

There is a good story told in legal circles about Hon. A. S. Hardy, Ontario Commissioner of Crown Lands. It is said that when he began the practice of the legal profession in Brantford many years ago, he was retained to defend a young man charged with forgery. When the case was called the prosecution announced that they were willing to withdraw. Mr. Hardy, the prisoner's counsel, at once arose and indignantly protested, claiming that his client was a deeply injured person, who would be satisfied with nothing but an honorable acquittal, and was contemplating an action for damages. Thus spurred up, the prosecution decided to go on with the case, and it resulted in Mr. Hardy's client being sent to penitentiary for seven years.

That W. R. Meredith has a quick wit has often been demonstrated. Thomas E. Champion, in the *Canadian Magazine* for June, gives a couple of instances. On the occasion of his first contest he was addressing a meeting the night previous to polling day, when a man in the crowd got off the usual query, "Does your mother know you're out?" This as usual made a laugh, but the laugh was turned when Mr. Meredith replied, "Yes, my friend, and by this time to-morrow night she will know I am in." On another occasion a tough interrupted him with the gag, "Get your hair cut." Mr. Meredith fixed his eyes on the interrupter, whom he recognized as a man whom he, as a lawyer, had been instrumental in "sending down" to do a term, and quietly remarked, "It seems to me I once had something to do with getting your hair cut."

"I was amused at an act of politeness I once witnessed on the part of a monkey that had a very peculiar effect on my dog," said Stephen L. Warner of St. Louis. "One day an Italian organ grinder accompanied by a trained monkey wandered into our town, and the man stopped before my house to play. The monkey was an intelligent little fellow, and was attired in a jacket and cap. While his master was grinding out the music the monkey hopped down from the organ where he had been sitting, and, jumping the fence, came up into my yard. He was at once spied by a fox-terrier of mine, and the dog made a rush at him. The monkey awaited the onset with such undisturbed tranquillity that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoitre. Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, when suddenly the monkey raised his paw and gracefully saluted his enemy by raising his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off into the house and would not leave it until satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed."

## From Head to Foot.

HAVE you seen the idealized sailor hat? A clever milliner has taken a plain white straw sailor, and has twisted up several yards of green and old pink ribbon into a trimming for it, in a very chic style. The ribbon rolls round the shallow crown, suggesting ropes and cables, and is twined round a mast-like support of wire on the left side, spreading into knotted ends that suggest pennants, with deep indented ends. A flaring pennant bow of the two colors lies at the base of the mast and a spray of roses and foliage trails on the brim behind. In order that, as the designer remarked with a quaint smile, the Jack Tar might have a bouquet. The pretty way the ribbons are tied here and there up the mast of wire is exactly the effect of a furled sail and is delightful.

Among a few dark blue gowns worn on the steamer by those who had come to wish *bon voyage* to their friends, were two of deeply crinkled crepon. They were combined with blue and white checked taffeta seen through the slashings of a round blue crepon waist in one instance; in the other forming the entire waist with crepon sleeves, and a collar with belt to match of black moire ribbon. One skirt was caught up almost to the waist on the left side, showing a broad, three-cornered facing of checked silk—a skirt seen on some of

Chiffon plastrons attached to a large stock of chiffon, with a large loop on each side, are made separate and removable that they may be worn with various dresses. They come in pale pink, yellow, cerise, sky blue, green, and of course white. They are merely a shield shaped piece of silk with chiffon drawn down full over it, and a silk collar-band with chiffon drawn around it, then each side drooping in a large loop, or else ornamented with a rosette. The collar hooks in the back. These chemisettes



give variety to black and white toilettes. Perforated cloths are novel trimmings introduced by French tailors as revers, collars, and bands like insertion on very elaborate jackets of fine cloth, of ripped silk, and moire. The perforation is done in an open design, sometimes in trellis-like patterns with an edge of scallops or of deep Vandyke points. The custom is to use darker cloth for this perforation than that of the jacket, having it rest on silk matching the garment. It is also oddly used as a trimming for white dresses of pique, or of serge or hop-sacking when cut with a jacket waist of any kind, a deep shawl collar being added of dark blue or red cloth.

LA MODE.

Try Derby Plug Smoking Tobacco, 5, 10 and 20 cent plugs.

## The Victim of a Bright Discovery.

A young man was recently found dead in a barrel of whisky. He was a victim of rheumatism, and was advised by his friends to take whisky baths. He procured a barrel of the liquor and took three baths at short intervals, with fairly satisfactory results. Then he made a bright discovery; he found that if he took a slight sip of his bath the whisky inside and the whisky outside acted in sympathy and did him a lot of good; when he had drunk down to his knees he came to the conclusion that it did not matter whether he had whisky outside or not. Eventually, about ankle level, he got rid of the rheumatism entirely, and would be alive now if he had not overstrained himself getting out the last of the whisky and died of heart disease. This story shows that perfect happiness is denied to man.



"Her eyes fell."

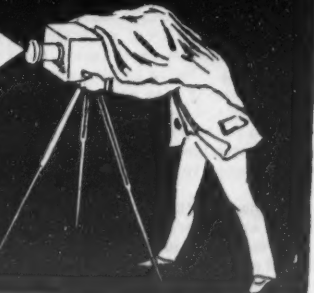
## Antiquity of Advertising.

Advertising is not an outcome of modern necessity, but is a very ancient practice. The British Museum possesses a collection of old Greek advertisements printed on leaden plates. The Egyptians were great advertisers. Papyrus-leaves over three thousand years old have been found at Thebes describing runaway slaves and offering a reward for their capture; and at Pompeii ancient advertisements have been deciphered on the walls. Thus, a business man, by inserting an advertisement in this paper, will not only command a larger trade, but he may be perpetuating his name and his occupation forever.

## Beauty Transferred.

He—I think that often people, from being a great deal together, come to resemble each other. Don't you believe that beauty is sometimes transferred, as it were, in that way? She—Well, I don't know. But after you and Miss Maycup took that stroll in the garden last night, some of her rouge was on your cheeks!

DON'T WORRY!  
TRY  
SUNLIGHT SOAP  
IT BRINGS  
COMFORT  
ON  
WASH  
DAY



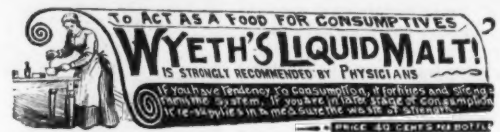
## ACETO-CURA

FOR NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, RHEUMATISM

May 2nd, 1894  
My Dear Sir,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints. I am, yours truly,  
J. HENDERSON, M.A.,  
Principal of Collegiate Institute,  
St. Catharines.

To Coutts &amp; Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

Pamphlet Free on Application to COUTTS &amp; SONS, 72 Victoria Street, Toronto



Try...



The Best Plug Cut

Teacher—"Her dress was plain." Can you express that idea in more polite language? Little Miss (one of the Four Hundred)—Her gown was ghastly.—*Life*.

"What is the money to be used for that the church is raising?" Howler—"It's to send the minister away and give the congregation a much-needed vacation."—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

Muggins—So you made your debut as an actor last night, oh! How did you get on? Footlite—Oh, I got on all right, but I couldn't get off quick enough.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Heggy—if you had been drinking a cocktail and kissed a girl afterward, do you think she would know it? Tom—if I kissed a girl, I think she would know it, whether I had been drinking cocktails or not.—*Life*.

He—Isn't that young Chilton over there? She—Yes. Miss Fuller would probably have perished in the burning theater but for him. She told me she grabbed his coat-tails at the first alarm, and wonders how she ever held on.—*Life*.

Smith—I'm going to give up poker. Can't afford it. Dropped fifty dollars last Saturday; and I tell you I've been short as a pie-crust since.

Robinson—Is that so? Smith—Yes; and the worst of it is, I've had three sure tips on the races and couldn't play 'em.—*Puck*.

Miss Brightlie—Oh, Mr. Search, there's a young lady here to-night I know you will like. Mr. Search—I feel extremely flattered to find that you have made such a close study of my tastes. Please describe her. Miss Brightlie—She's worth a million.—*New York Weekly*.

First Gentleman (entering the apartment of second gentleman)—About a year ago you challenged me to fight a duel.

Second gentleman (sternly)—I did, sir. First gentleman—And I told you that I had just been married and I did not care to risk my life at any hazard.

Second gentleman (haughtily)—I remember, sir. First gentleman (utterly)—Well, my feelings have changed; any time you want to fight, let me know.

From the beginning of darkness every vehicle must have a lighted lantern. Darkness begins when the street-lamps are lighted.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

## Fatal Result of Delay.

Sickness generally follows in the path of neglect. Don't be reckless, but prudently take a few doses of Scott's Emulsion immediately following exposure to cold. It will save you many painful days and sleepless nights.

"Did you give the waiter a tip?" asked one of two young men, who had just taken dinner. "You bet I did," replied the one who was loudly dressed; "it was the only way I could get even with him for the way he treated us."

"What do you mean?" "I told him to back Ginefoot straight and Mud Pet for a place in to-morrow's race. If he gets out of debt in a month he'll be lucky."—*Washington Star*.

Derby is the best plug smoking tobacco in the market. Have you tried it?

CHOCOLAT MENIER is now for sale everywhere in the United States and Canada, as its use as a table beverage, in place of

Tea, Coffee or Cocoa, has become quite universal. It Nourishes and Strengthens. If served iced, during warm weather, it is most Delicious and Invigorating.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR CHOCOLAT MENIER. If he hasn't it on sale, send his name and your address to MENIER, Canadian Branch, No. 14 St. John Street, Montreal, Que.

REPRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY A. H. HOWARD & CO. 53 KING ST. EAST TORONTO



LAKEHURST SANITARIUM For the treatment of Inebriety, Opium Habit and Nervous Diseases. Double Chloride of Gold System. The best equipped and most delightfully situated health resort within 100 miles of Toronto. Complete privacy if desired. Lake houses. For full information apply Room 26, Bank of Commerce Chambers, Toronto, or The Medical Superintendent, Oakville, Ont.



### Some Amusing Hoaxes.

There are two classes of hoaxers: the professional and the amateur. The former individuals are rogues and thieves; the latter, more practical jokers. But the success of either depends on the gullibility of the public, and their queer pranks are often very amusing.

Some years ago a large provincial town was thrown into a considerable state of excitement by the announcement that a supposed "professor" would give a very startling exhibition at the local town-hall on a particular evening. The neighborhood was placarded with bills of a most sensational kind, and a friend of the writer's traveled some miles to be present on the occasion.

The hall was crowded in every part when the hour for the performance arrived, but the public continued to clamor for admittance until all available standing room was occupied. Meanwhile the audience were getting impatient at the non-arrival of the performer. At last the "agent" closed the doors, left the pay-box, and presented himself on the platform. He held a telegram in his hand which he read aloud. It was from the "professor," and stated that he had unfortunately missed his train, but was coming down by a "special." This, said the speaker, was due in a few minutes, and he trusted the audience would be patient.

Leaving the platform, the "agent" engaged a cab and drove to the station to meet the "professor." A train came in (not a special) and departed, and when cabby grew tired of waiting he went in search of the gentleman. But he was not to be found. The "professor" never arrived; there was a riot in the hall, and the place was nearly wrecked. The "agent" was never found and no money was returned, because he had forgotten to leave it behind.

One morning a stranger strolled into the parlor of a country inn and ordered a little refreshment. When the old landlord brought it to him, he began to talk about the weather and the crops. He was a very pleasant gentleman, and as the house was deserted at that time of the day, the landlord was only too glad to have a chat. The conversation drifted into all kinds of subjects, until suddenly the stranger pointed to a tall grandfather's clock standing in the corner of the room.

"That's the sort of clock I like," he remarked. "By the way, a friend of mine lost a peculiar watch the other day. A fellow bet him that he couldn't sit in front of the pendulum for half an hour and swing his head from side to side in time with it, saying, without missing a single beat, 'Here I go! There I go! Here I go! There I go!'"

"I can't believe that, now," said the landlord, going to the clock and opening the door of the case.

"Well, at any rate, landlord, I'll bet you five pounds you don't do it."

Now, Boniface had been a great sporting man in his youth, and the temptation was too great for him to resist. So he accepted the wager, and the stranger having laid his five sovereigns on the table, the landlord deposited his money beside them. He then took his seat in front of the open clock, the time was noted, and off he started with his "Here I go! There I go!"

The stranger sat watching him for some minutes, then strolled round the room, looked out of the window, went to the door for a peep down the street, whistled a little to himself and came back to his seat again. It was a long, monotonous process, and the gentleman, not unnaturally, got restless. So, very soon he again got up with a laugh and walked round the room twice and out of the door.

"Here I go! There I go!" continued the landlord.

A quarter of an hour had passed and still the stranger loitered somewhere outside. The landlord's wife now came into the room.

"Jacob!" she exclaimed, "why, what in the world are you doing?"

"Here I go! There I go!"

"Why, the man's mad!" she said, shaking him by the shoulder.

But he hit her off with his elbows, adding additional energy to the words, "Here I go! There I go!"

The poor woman was very distressed, and fetched some of her neighbors. The landlord, however, saw in all this the artifice of the stranger, but he was not to be beaten. When he was within a few minutes of winning they began to try to forcibly remove him, but he struck out so vigorously with his arms and feet that they soon desisted.

"Here I go! There I go!"

The clock struck the half-hour.

"Won't!" he exclaimed, in the excitement of triumph. "Where is he?"

"Who?"

"That gentleman who was here!"

"Why, he walked down the street twenty minutes ago," the wife replied.

"And the money—I see it all. I'm swindled! Why, the scoundrel has even taken my silver prize cup from under the glass case!"

Later on an overcoat, a silk umbrella and sundry other articles were also found missing.

A man walked into a west country hotel a few minutes after the landlord had gone down the street.

"I suppose that's the one, isn't it, missus?" he said to the landlady.

"The what?"

"The clock the governor has just told me to take away and put in order for him. I met him outside. He said the one hanging up in the bar."

"I didn't know there was anything the matter with it, but if he said the one hanging up in the bar, it must be that one. John, bring the steps!"

The steps were brought, the clock taken down, and with a cheery "Good morning, ma'am," the man took his departure. It was only an hour afterwards, when the landlady informed her husband casually that "the man had been for the clock," that they discovered they were the victims of an impudent robbery.

At another inn a respectably dressed stranger was dosing on a seat in a corner. A countryman came in for a drink, and was followed by another stranger. These two got into conversation, and the last arrival drew attention to the man in the corner.

"Most people," he said, "would be taken in

by a fellow like that. Now, I suppose you think he's a well-to-do sort of chap? I thought so. But it's all show—it's all on the outside. Look at that fine watch-chain. Do you suppose there's a watch at the end of it?"

"Well, I wouldn't mind betting there is," said the countryman.

The bet was agreed to, and the stranger went over to the sleeping man and quietly pulled out the chain. There was a square piece of wood at the end of it. Gently replacing it, he received his money from Hodge, and said:

"You see, my good man, my judgment of character is better than yours. It's because I've seen more of the world. Now, I'll tell you what to do. Wake the fellow up and ask him the time."

The countryman did as he was advised.

"Hi! governor, what's the time?"

The man stretched himself, rubbed his eyes, and, on the question being repeated, stated that his watch had stopped.

"Bet him he hasn't got one," whispered the other.

Hodge at once did so. The fellow accepted and pulled out the piece of wood. The other two men laughed and the countryman claimed the bet.

"Not so fast," said the awakened sleeper. "This is only a rough case that I use for protection. You see, touching a spring, 'here is the watch inside.'"

The two strangers were, of course, confederates.

A group of young men were at a private bar in a London suburb. They were discussing the feats of certain professional conjurers, and one youth of the "masher" species was telling the others how everything was done and how he could give pointers to any professor oflegerdemain living.

A stranger who was smoking his pipe quietly in a corner ventured to remark to this individual that he thought he could show him a trick that would surprise him.

"What is it?"

"Lend me your hat, sir." It was a silk "topper."

"Now, I'll undertake to cut the top of that hat out with my penknife, so that you shall have the parts separately in your hands, and in one minute I will repair it, using nothing but my fingers, so that it shall be as sound as before and no join perceptible."

"Impossible!" said the owner of the hat.

"Well, I'll bet you half a crown, sir, that I'll do it."

"Done!"

The top of the hat was out in almost as short a time as it takes to tell. The company inspected the two parts, and were so far satisfied. Then, one man acting as time keeper, the stranger started to do the necessary repairs.

He put the piece of silk on the top, he pressed it round the sides, he took it off again, he examined the edges, he smoothed it out, and when time was called he calmly handed the pieces to the owner, with half a crown and the remark:

"The money's yours, sir. I find it can't be done."

It was a new guinea hat, and the hoaxer walked away with an expression that seemed to say, "I've had my two-and-sixpence worth out of him!"—*London Tit-Bits.*

### A Traveler's Experience.

The Life of a Commercial Man not all Sunshine.

Constant Travel and Roughing it on Trains Weakens the Most Robust—The Experience of a Halifax Merchant While on the Road.

Acadian Recorder, Halifax, N.S.

Mr. Percy J. A. Lear, junior partner of the firm of Blackadar & Lear, general brokers, 60 Bedford Row, Halifax, N.S., comes from a family of commercial travelers. His father, James Lear, was on the road in Lower Canada with dry goods for twenty-three years, and few men were more widely known and esteemed, and the genial Percy himself has just retired from the ranks of the drummer, after a varied experience as knight of the grip, which extended over seventeen years, and embraced almost every town and village in Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He is an extremely popular young man, a leading member of the Oddfellow's fraternity, an officer in the 63rd regiment of militia, and a rising merchant.

"How comes it that you are so fat and ruddy after such a term of bustling railroad life and varied diet, Mr. Lear?" questioned the reporter.

"Well," was the answer, "it is a long story, but one well worth telling. I weigh 190 pounds to-day, and am in better health than I ever enjoyed in my life. Two years ago I got down to 155 pounds. Constant traveling, roughing it, on trains and in country hotels broke me all up and left me with a nasty case of kidney complaint and indigestion. My head was all wrong, my stomach bad; I was suffering continual pains and dizziness, and my urine was extremely thick and gravelly. I began to get scared. I consulted several physicians at Liverpool, Winnipeg and other cities, but their treatment did not give me a particle of relief. One day I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I made up my mind to give them a good trial. They seemed to help me, and I bought a second, third and fourth box, and they cured me. My stomach was all right, the dizziness left my head; no more lassitude, and all traces of my kidney disease disappeared. I was a new man and gained flesh immediately, and have never been troubled since. I consider my case astonishing, because kidney complaint, especially gall stones, is hereditary in our family. It helped to hurry my father to an early grave, and an uncle on my mother's side, Dr. Whitte of Sydney, Australia, had been a chronic sufferer from gall stones from boyhood. I was so impressed with the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I took the trouble to send Dr. Whitte two boxes all the way to Australia. Since my discovery of the benefits of these wonderful little pink coated exterminators of disease, I have recommended the remedy far and wide, and I could enumerate dozens of cases where they have been efficacious."

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, kidney and liver troubles, the after effects of influenza, and all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building new blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

### WHY DON'T YOU BUY YOUR

## GAS FIXTURES

While they are cheap? We will furnish you with the most artistic designs at the lowest prices.

**FRED ARMSTRONG,**  
277 Queen St. West.

### New Books and Magazines.

The *Canadian Magazine* for June keeps up the standard of tone given it in its earlier numbers of the present year. No more interesting article could well be put together than Three Years Among the Eskimos by Mr. J. W. Tyrrell. The description of this people, eating uncooked flesh and living in snow houses, is most interesting. William Ogilvie, F.R.G.S., continues the account of his travels in North-Western wilds. K. T. Takahashi gives a Japanese view of Japan. J. Lambert Payne writes upon the Ottawa Conference, while W. Robertson gives a nice little bit in Scotch dialect, entitled The Siller Weddin'. There are many other contributions, all worth reading, and a couple of pretty poems, one by Albert E. S. Smythe and another by Alan Sullivan.

The popular fifteen cent art series of Men of the Day has reached its twenty-seventh series, and treats of Joseph Marmette and Andrew George Blair, Premier of New Brunswick. Those who secure these yellow-covered pamphlets as they appear are proud of the prizes they capture, for they afford a fine biographical library of the men of Canada. The editor is Louis H. Tache, and the publisher's address is 309 New York Life Building, Montreal.

Have you tried Derby Plug Smoking Tobacco, 5, 10 and 20 cent plugs?

### Worth Seeing.



Jamie (in a whisper)—Observe him well, Johnnie, for we may never see his likes again. Johnnie—Who is he? Jamie—Dat's de captain of de A-te-wad Rangers, wot made five home runs in one game!—*Judge*

### Caught in a Lie.

An unbleached Austin domestic in the employment of the Pettigrew family was caught very neatly in a lie not long since. Mrs. Pettigrew sent her with a note to Mrs. Col. Yerger. After having been gone an unreasonably long time, Matilda returned.

"Did you take that note to Mrs. Yerger?"

"Yes, mum, but she was done gone down town to make some calls."

"Then you left the note with the servant."

"Leff de note wid de sarvant? No, mum; de sarvant was done gone out, too."

"If the servant wasn't there, how did you find out that Mrs. Yerger had gone out calling?"

"How did I—yes, mum—I jess spicioned she had done gone out callin', becase how thar war nobody at home. De house was done locked up, and de shutters was turned down, so I brung de note home."

"Well, go right back now, and see if Mrs. Yerger has not returned."

"Yes, mum, but—I don't know whar she liba."

### John A. and Lord Wolseyley.

Lord Wolseyley in his early life narrowly missed becoming a Canadian statesman. The authority for this statement is the late Sir John Macdonald, who remarked to some friends during the British operations in the Sudan:

"I remember when Wolseyley was out here during the first Red River rebellion. He was nothing greater than a colonel then; and I took Mrs. Wolseyley down to dinner one night at Lord Lisgar's. She talked brightly of her clever young husband, and wound up by asking me if I would not make him Governor of the North West Territories."

"I will," said I, and fully intended to do it; but a few days later I was seized with a sudden illness, and lay helpless for weeks."

"In the meantime Sir George Cartier assumed the control of affairs, and appointed one of his friends to the Governorship. Wolseyley was passed over and became in time the great



## PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY

Office and Works—67 Adelaide Street West  
Branch Office—93 Yonge Street

OUR SPECIALTY—Shirts, Collars and Cuffs. Special attention given to Ladies' Garments. Lace Curtains and Silks done up with care. Our process of washing will not harm the most delicate fabric.

FIRST-CLASS WORK GUARANTEED.

RENDING DONE FREE.

'PHONES 1127, 1496



## TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY

106 York Street, near King

### HOUSEHOLD LIST

Table Napkins, 1c. each; Table Cloths, 4c. each; Sheets, 3c. each; Pillow Slips, 2c. each; Towels, 1c. each; Roller Towels, 2c. each; Spreads, 10c. each; Toilet Covers, 5c. each.

NOTICE—Not less than 30 pieces will be received at the above rates.

## "EL PADRE" PINS

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD TEN CENT CIGAR



general he is. If I had had my way, he might have become Governor of the Territories, and in time even a Canadian Cabinet Minister."

### What He Would Say To His Wife.

Robinson—It is awfully late, Brown. What will you say to your wife?

Brown (in a whisper)—Oh, I sha'n't say much, you know. 'Good morning, dear,' or something of that sort. She'll say the rest.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

### The Reason.

"Why is it, Marie," asked Squigga, "that you never see advertised gowns for old ladies?" "Because," replied Mrs. Squigga, "there would be no sale for them."—*Philadelphia Call.*

## Pale Faces

show Depleted Blood, poor nourishment, everything bad. They are signs of Anæmia.

## Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, enriches the blood, purifies the skin, cures Anæmia, builds up the system. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bown, Belleville, All Druggists, 50c. & \$1.

## DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND  
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

### HOWARTH'S OARMINATIVE

This medicine is superior to all others for Wind, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels of Infants, occasioned by teething or other ailments. It will give baby sound, healthy sleep and rest, also quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Extensively used for the last thirty years. Testimonials on application.

Trial Bottles, 10c. Large Bottles, 25c.

None genuine without bearing name and address of

S. HOWARTH, DRUGGIST

243 Yonge Street, Toronto

### AN ABSOLUTE CURE

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI FRUTTI

FOR INDIGESTION.  
SEEK THAT RUN TUTTI FRUTTI  
IS ON EACH 5¢ PACKAGE.



## ALEX. M. WESTWOOD

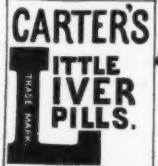
438 Spadina Ave.

Choicest Cut Flowers and Palms

Cut Roses, Etc.

Telephone 1684

Mail orders receive special attention.



## CURE SICK HEAD

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

## ACHE

is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

## AS SPRING APPROACHES

One's system should be fortified against the ills that come with that change of the season.

## Radam's Microbe Killer

Is without doubt a most acceptable preventive of biliousness, languor, coughs and colds, pneumonia and the diseases that are common at that time of year. Its tonic properties make it invaluable as a general family remedy. Take it NOW and keep healthy. Besides its wonderful curative virtues it is palatable.

Full information at

120 King Street West, Toronto

AT CHEMISTS PRICE \$1.00

## ICE - PURE - ICE

GREENADIER ICE CO.

Rayon—\$1.50 per month for 10 lbs. daily; each additional 5 lbs. only costs 10 per day extra. (The only company in the city who have cut and have in stock nothing but pure ice for domestic purposes). Office, 59 South St.; Telephone 217; Ice Houses and Shipping Depot, 5105.

## THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT

6 and 8 Jordan Street

This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALICE cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1000. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

## Dry Kindling Wood

Delivered any address, 6 crates \$1.50; 12 crates \$2.50. A crate holds as much as a barrel.

HARVEY & CO., 30 Sheppard Street

Telephone 1870 or read Post Card.



## Music.



THE initial concert of the Toronto Male Chorus Club, under the direction of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, in the Grand Opera House on Tuesday evening last, attracted a large and fashionable audience, among whom were seen many of our most prominent professional and amateur musicians. Particular interest was felt in this event, it being the first serious effort for some years past in the direction of organizing an independent male chorus in this city. Additional interest was lent the performance through the fact that the conductor of the Club, who has achieved more than a local renown as a piano soloist, on this occasion made what may be considered his debut as a wielder of the baton. That he succeeded admirably in this new capacity is a matter for honest congratulation both to himself and the club under his direction. The chorus numbered about forty voices. It was at once evident from the excellent quality of tone produced by them and the commendable balance of the different parts, that unusual care had been bestowed in the selection of material for the new organization. Among the members were noticed some of our most prominent male solo vocalists. It is doubtful whether any local society ever began its operations more auspiciously as regards the general quality of its ensemble than the club whose concert is under review. Should the same material hold together for another season it is not too much to predict that a standard of excellence will be attained not hitherto reached by any male chorus in this city. Mr. Tripp presented an attractive and varied programme of choruses, including a number of original works and several admirable arrangements of popular songs, such well known composers as Wollenhaupt, Abt, Anderson, Buck, Lamothe and Macy being drawn upon. The most successful effort of the Club in the appreciation of the audience was a very effective rendering of Lamothe's Breeze of the Night. This was enthusiastically encored. The most delicate effects in shading, however, and the most charming contrasts generally were obtained in Macy's effective arrangement of The Kerry Dance. Taken as a whole the chorus work reflected the greatest credit upon the Club and their conductor, Mr. Tripp, and promises excellent results for the future.

The soloists of the evening were: Mrs. Mary Howe-Lavin and her husband, Mr. W. Lavin, and Arma Senka (Miss Susie Ryan, daughter of Mr. Peter Ryan, registrar for East Toronto). Mrs. Lavin (Miss Howe) sang an aria from Traviata, and Eckart's Swiss Echo Song, and in response to enthusiastic encores, Massenet's Twilight and Robin Adair. The same beautiful quality of voice, pure intonation and handsome stage presence which contributed so much to Miss Howe's popularity before her departure for Europe several years ago, again captivated the audience on this occasion. Her technique has undoubtedly improved under the instruction of her European masters, although there is still lacking in her singing a certain warmth and sentiment which would add much to the effect of her work. Mr. Lavin, whose charming singing of tenor lyrics on the occasion of his last appearance here at a concert of the Vocal Society will be remembered, has undoubtedly gained much in dramatic fervor and breadth of style as a result of recent study abroad. Mr. Lavin was also deservedly encored. This first appearance of Miss Ryan after an absence of six years from her old home, naturally occasioned no small interest. The trying ordeal of passing under the critical judgment of old friends doubtless produced a nervous feeling which had its effect in Miss Ryan's first number. This, however, wore away as the evening advanced and in the *Lieder* by Brahms and Henschel her remarkably rich quality of voice and pure tones were displayed to excellent advantage. As an encore she sang Sullivan's ever popular *Lost Chord* with admirable effect. The singers were somewhat embarrassed owing to the unfortunate placing of the piano, the tone of which in the accompaniments seemed to escape into the wings of the stage, being at times quite inaudible to either the soloist or audience.

A piano and vocal recital by pupils respectively of Mr. V. P. Hunt and Miss Denzil was given in the Conservatory Music Hall on Monday evening last. A large audience crowded the hall, many being unable to gain admittance. The piano numbers included compositions by Moszkowski, Field, Schubert, Tchaikowsky, Godard, Wagner, Schubert, Heller and Mendelssohn. These were successfully interpreted by the following pupils of Mr. Hunt, viz.: Misses White, Bridgland, Bustin, Blaine, Cumberland and Whiteside, and Mr. Dorsey A. Chapman. Much credit is due Mr. Hunt for the admirable work of his pupils on this occasion, their playing being intelligent and musicianly, besides technically very commendable. Miss Denzil's pupils sang a number of standard ballads and *Lieder* by Nevin, Parker, Quentin, Adams, Toast, Canton, Barnard, Trotter, Lassen and Handel, those taking part being: Misses Gamble, Macdonald, Ward, Bates, McCracken, Ball, Moyle, Thomas and Caswell, and Mr. J. S. Russell. These pupils also reflected no small credit upon their instructor, singing with much taste and excellent judgment. Valuable assistance was rendered by Miss Lena M. Hayes, A.T.C.M., in Grieg's Sonata for violin and piano, op. 8, and in the violin obligato to Barnard's ballad *Bid Me to Love*, which was sung with admirable finish by Miss Katie Moyle.

The seventh of the special series of closing concerts at the College of Music was given on Tuesday evening last by piano pupils of Mr. H. M. Field, assisted by Miss Yokome, violinists, Misses Tilla Lapatinoff and Gertrude Smith vocalists, and by Herren Klingensfeld and Ruth of the College staff in the ensemble numbers. The pianists were Misses Taylor, Livingstone, McGibbon and Gunther. Miss Taylor played the piano part in Haydn's Trio in G in admir-

able style, her dainty touch and elegant phrasing being particularly worthy of note. Equally successful was her work in her solo numbers, Chopin's Nocturne in B flat minor and Grieg's Album Leaf, op. 28. Miss Livingstone contributed the last movement of Beethoven's Sonata, op. 26, in A flat, and also took part in Beethoven's Trio, op. 1, No. 1, for piano and strings. These numbers were given in a manner indicating considerable natural talent and careful instruction. Miss McGibbon's artistic interpretation of the Liszt-Gounod Faust waltzes proved one of the most enjoyable features of the recital. Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, which was played by Miss Gunther, the orchestral parts being supplied by Mr. Field on a second piano, was rendered in excellent style and with an evident regard for the composer's meaning throughout. The vocal solos by Miss Lapatinoff and Miss Smith, and Miss Yokome's violin solo, were warmly received and much appreciated by the large audience present.

The festival of music in connection with the opening concerts of Massey Music Hall on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week is attracting attention in all parts of the province. It is more than probable that the enterprise will not only prove an event of historic import in the musical annals of Toronto, but that it may also show a balance on the right side as regards the material aspect of the undertaking. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished for. Future musical effort in Toronto will depend somewhat upon the financial success of the Massey Festival. With the collapse of the Orpheus Society, the bankruptcy of the Philharmonic and the financial disasters of other societies during the past few years, supporters of musical enterprise in Toronto will not feel encouraged to lend their aid in the cause of music unless some prospect of making ends meet should present itself. Therefore it is hoped the public may rally next week and crowd the festival hall at each of the five concerts of the series.

A piano recital was given by Miss Bella Geddes, F.T.C.M., pupil of Mr. Edward Fisher, in the Conservatory Music Hall on Tuesday evening of last week before a large and critical audience. Miss Geddes played an interesting and charmingly contrasted programme of classical and modern music, displaying throughout technical ability and musical intelligence of an unusually high order. Her numbers included: Beethoven's Sonata op. 22; Brahms's Nocturne op. 17; Scherzo op. 35 by J. S. Bach; Papillon op. 43, No. 1, Grieg; Scarf Dance, Chaminade; Staccato Caprice, Vöhrich; the piano part in Reissiger's trio for piano and strings, op. 77, and the first piano part in Lack's *Finale* Valse from op. 100. The string parts in the trio were admirably rendered by Mr. John Bayley and Signor Giuseppe Dinelli. Miss Lily Dundas played the second piano part in the Lack duo. Songs by Mrs. F. E. Barrett, Miss Annie C. Laidlaw and Miss Ethel Shepherd, A.T.C.M., pupils of Signor D'Auria, contributed much to the enjoyment of the recital, the undeniable success of which was most creditable alike to Miss Geddes and her able instructor.

The Music Hall of the College of Music was the scene of a unique and instructive recital on Thursday evening of last week by violin-cello and piano pupils of Herr Rudolf Ruth, the talented solo 'cellist of the College staff. The programme included such seldom heard numbers as Goltermann's Quartette Religioso for four cello, Goltermann's Quartette Notturmo and Klengel's Andante and Humoreske, also for four 'celli. These interesting compositions were admirably performed by Miss Massie, Miss Fletcher, Mr. Russell and Herr Ruth. Solos were also rendered by Master Otto Rudington, Miss Lois Winlow, Miss Florence Fletcher, Miss Massie and Mr. Charles Russell. The remarkably satisfactory showing of these pupils of Herr Ruth was a subject of general comment. Miss Massie in Romberg's Andante, Chopin's Nocturne and Davidoff's Am Springbrunnen may be singled out as worthy of special praise. This young lady gives promise of developing into a solo artist of much merit. The piano numbers by Misses Idle, Addison, Renaud and Hicks were also performed in a manner indicative of conscientious study and artistic instruction. Vocal solos were contributed by Miss Annie Hallworth and Miss May Taylor.

Miss Eva N. Roblin gave her initial song recital since her return from a several years' course of musical study in London and Rome, in the Pleton Opera House last week to a crowded audience. The local papers speak in enthusiastic terms of her singing. The *Gazette* says she possesses a flexible voice of great compass and rare sweetness, while the *Times* refers to its "marvelous fullness and compass." She won the heartiest of encores and, according to the *Gazette*, "is clearly entitled to rank among the best singers on this continent." She will also give song recitals in other Eastern towns during June.

The Brockville Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. Edward Broome, recently produced besides other works Bennett's cantata, *May Queen*. The performance is described by the local press as having been most creditable to the society, whose forces numbered one hundred and ten voices and an orchestra of about twenty pieces. The soloists were: Mr. Walter Robinson, tenor of Toronto and Mrs. Gordon Hutchinson, soprano; Mrs. (Dr.) Vaux, contralto, and Dr. Koyle, baritone, all of Brockville. Mr. Robinson's work is spoken of by the Brockville *Daily Times* as follows: "Mr. Walter H. Robinson, choirmaster of the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto, sang the tenor solos. His work was splendidly done. His voice is high and clear and his recitatives were admirably rendered. Mr. Robinson sang Cowen's *It was a Dream* in the second part and received a rapturous encore, to which he responded. We will be glad to hear him again."

Mr. J. Humphrey Anger's Minuetto Scherzoso for organ, which has been publicly played on several occasions recently with much success, and which I have already commented on as a work of unusual merit and interest, has been published by the enterprising house of Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co., 158 Yonge street. It is

dedicated to Mr. J. Lewis Browne, organist of Bond street Congregational church, and handsomely gotten up.

A lecture will be delivered at the Conservatory of Music on June 12 by Mr. A. K. Virgil, on the Practice Clavier, for the purpose of demonstrating the utility and value of Mr. Virgil's invention in acquiring pianoforte technique.

I understand that Mr. Friedheim, the eminent pianist who has been engaged for the Massey Festival, will play Liszt's great Concerto in E flat, accompanied by the Festival orchestra. No pianist living is better familiar with the best traditions of this great work than Friedheim, having studied it under Liszt's personal direction.

The Toronto Vocal Society at a recent meeting organized for next season's work by re-electing last season's officers. This will be welcome news to the numerous lovers of a capella chorus singing in Toronto.

Mrs. H. W. Webster has been appointed teacher of the mandolin at the Conservatory of Music.

INCORPORATED 1880  
HON. G. W. ALLAN  
PRESIDENT  
**CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC**  
COR. VINCENY ST. & WILTON AVE.  
University Affiliation for Degrees in Music  
Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates, Medals  
Artists and Teachers' Graduating Courses  
Equipment, Staff and Facilities Unsurpassed  
Students receive a Thorough and Artistic  
Musical Training  
Voices Tested Free of Charge  
CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF EDUCATION  
N. SHAW, B.A., Principal  
Dance, Swedish Gymnastics, Voice Culture, Literature  
CALENDAR OF 1894 PUBLISHED FREE  
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.

MR. V. P. HUNT  
Pupil of Dr. Carl Reinecke, Herr Bruno Zwiethers, etc., of Leipzig, Germany. Pianoforte teacher at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Musical Director of the Toronto College of Music, and of the Toronto Church of the Redeemer. Teaches Piano, Organ, Harmony.  
Address: Toronto Conservatory of Music  
Or Residence: 164 Midland Street

MR. J. D. A. TRIPP  
Concert Pianist and Teacher of Piano  
Conductor Toronto Male Chorus Club  
Only Canadian pupil of Moszkowski, Berlin Germany, formerly pupil of Edward Fisher. Open for engagement. Toronto Conservatory of Music and 26 Canton Street, Toronto

LOYD N. WATKINS  
308 CHURCH STREET  
Thorough instruction on Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither. Teacher of the Guitar at the Conservatory of Music

MRS. WILLSON-LAWRENCE  
SOPRANO SOLOIST  
Leading Soprano Chorus of the Redeemer, Member Toronto Church and Concert  
Open for engagements. For terms address Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 102 Avenue Road

**\$100.00 CASH  
\$160.00 SCHOLARSHIP**  
Will be given for the best  
Soprano and Tenor Voices  
Value of Prize to Winners \$360.00 each  
This competition is open to all. The competition will be held during the Massey Festival  
JUNE 14, 15 and 16  
\$100.00 Awarded by Mrs. Alexander Cameron  
\$160.00 Scholarship, under the Tuition of Signor Tesseman, awarded by the Toronto College of Music, Limited, 158 Yonge Street, Toronto  
For particulars apply to the Secretary of the College.  
GEO. GOODERHAM, F. H. TORRINGTON,  
President, Musical Director.

MR. J. TREW GRAY  
Of London, Eng.  
Pupil of the celebrated teacher and composer, Sig. Ostorod Barri. Mr. Trew Gray instructs his pupils in the Lamperti method and only genuine Old Italian system of vocal art. This system has produced all the greatest singers of the century. Voice Production a Specialty. (Open for engagements). Apply 287 Church Street, Toronto.

MR. H. M. FIELD, Piano Virtuoso  
Pupil of Prof. Maria Krause, Hans von Bulow and Reinecke, solo piano recitals; Ristic concert; Richard Strauss, conductor, Leipzig; pianist of the Seid orchestra tour in Canada, 1892; by invitation of Theodore Thomas, representative Canadian solo pianist at the World's Fair, Chicago. Concert engagements and pupils accepted.  
Address: 165 Gloucester Street, or Toronto College of Music

J. W. F. HARRISON  
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church.  
Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby  
Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Miss Vasey School, Morry House School.  
13 Dunbar Road - - - - - Rosedale

MR. H. KLINGENFELD  
CONCERT VIOLINIST AND TEACHER  
Open for Concert engagements and a limited number of pupils.  
505 Sherbourne Street  
or Toronto College of Music.

MRS. MARIE M. KLINGENFELD  
Teacher of Music, Graduate of the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, will receive a limited number of pupils. Toronto College of Music, or 505 Sherbourne St.

MR. AND MRS. G. H. OZBURN  
TRACHERS OF THE  
Guitar, Mandolin and Banjo.  
Also Leader of the Osborn Guitar and Mandolin Club  
Open for concert engagements.

MISS MAUD GORDON, A.T.C.M.  
TEACHER OF PIANO  
Conservatory of Music, or 78 Wellesley Street

W. J. McNALLY,  
Late of Leipzig Conservatory of Music,  
Organist and Choirmaster, Beverly Street Baptist Church,  
TEACHER OF PIANO,  
Toronto College of Music or 22 Sussex Avenue.

W. KUCHENMEISTER  
VIOLIN SOLOIST AND TEACHER  
(Late a pupil of the Raff Conservatory at Frankfurt-on-Main, and of Professors H. E. Kayser, Hans Heymann and C. Bergner, formerly a member of the Philharmonic Orchestra at Hamburg (Dr. Hans von Bulow, conductor).  
Studio, Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer's  
Residence, Cor. Gerrard and Victoria Sts. Telephone 980.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY  
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist  
Instructor of Variety Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs, Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.  
Studio: Whaley, Royce & Co., 158 Yonge St., or College of Music, 15 Pembroke St.

ARTHUR BLAKELEY  
Organist, Toronto  
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory  
46 Phoebe Street

# Music

IF YOU REQUIRE  
ANYTHING in the MUSIC LINE, whether it be Sheet Music, Music Books or Musical Instruments we are Manufacturers, Publishers and General Dealers in everything pertaining to  
**REMEMBER**  
FIRST-CLASS MUSIC SUPPLY HOUSE  
Catalogues furnished free on application. (In writing) Mention goods required.  
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., 158 Yonge St., Toronto

ESTABLISHED 1886  
**S. R. WARREN & SON**  
CHURCH  
ORGAN BUILDERS  
39, 41, 43, 45, 47  
McMurrich Street - TORONTO  
ELECTRIC ACTION A SPECIALTY

Edward Lye & Sons  
CHURCH PIPE  
ORGAN BUILDERS  
Our Organs are now in use at  
Holy Trinity Church  
Cook's Presbyterian Church  
Central Presbyterian Church  
Parkdale Methodist Church  
18, 20 & 22 St. Alban's Street - - TORONTO

GIUSEPPE DINELLI  
Violinello Soloist and Accompanist  
TEACHER OF  
PIANO, VIOLIN AND CELLO  
At Conservatory of Music.  
94 Gerrard Street East

J. LEWIS BROWNE  
(Organist and Choirmaster Bond St. Cong. Church)  
CONCERT ORGANIST  
Pupils received in Organ, Piano, Harmony and Instrumentation.  
150 Mutual Street

MR. H. W. WEBSTER  
Late of Milan, Italy  
Choirmaster St. Peter's Church, First Choir of Voice Culture at the Toronto College of Music, wishes to notify that he has taken as studio Room 35, Oddfellows' Hall, corner Yonge and College Streets. Communications may also be addressed to him at the Arlington Hotel.

MRS. H. WEBSTER, Pupil of Signor Gauthier and Giuseppe of Milan, will receive pupils for complete instruction in the Italian method on the Mandolin. Address MRS. WEBSTER, Arlington Hotel.

WALTER H. ROBINSON  
Singing Master and Conductor  
Gives instruction in Voice Production  
Pupils received for study of Musical Theory.  
Open to accept engagements as Tenor Soloist at Concerts.  
Concerts directed.  
Studio—Care R. S. WILLIAMS & SON, 143 Yonge St.

MISS NORMA REYNOLDS  
SOPRANO  
Fellow Toronto College of Music and Undergraduate  
Instructor in Voice Culture, Style and Repertoire  
Toronto College of Music and 56 Major Street.  
Open for concert engagements

MR. A. S. VOGT  
Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Baptist Church  
Instructor of Piano and Organ at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Baffin House and Moulton College  
Residence - - 605 Church Street

W. H. HEWLETT, Organist and Choirmaster Carleton Street Methodist Church  
Teacher of Piano and Organ  
74 Hazelton Ave., or Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY  
Directress and Leader of Berkeley Street Methodist Church Choir,  
Vocal Teacher of Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, and Toronto Conservatory of Music,  
2624 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

THE D'ALESSANDRO ORCHESTRA  
Music furnished for Balls, Receptions, Concerts, etc.  
Any number of musicians supplied on shortest notice. All the latest popular music. Also  
MANDOLIN ORCHESTRA  
Special for Concerts, At Home, Receptions.  
Address—31 Avenue Street, Toronto.

CLARENCE LUCAS, Mus. Bac.  
Of the Conservatoire of Paris, France,  
COMPOSER AND TEACHER  
Will be pleased to introduce students to any of the teachers or musical institutions of London, and to procure suitable board and lodging for them or for any visitors to London.  
21 Portland Terrace  
Regent's Park, N. W.  
LONDON, England

STAMMERING permanently cured under Church's Celebrated Auto-Voice School, 2 Wilton Crescent.  
JOSEPH HUGILL  
445 Yonge Street  
opposite College  
VIOLIN MAKER  
and REPAIRER  
Over 40 years' experience. Thirty Hand-made Violins and 'Cello on hand. Violins bought, sold or taken in exchange by paying difference. Repairing old violins a specialty.

SUMMER SESSION  
For Teachers and others during July and August  
Central Business College  
Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts., Toronto, Ont.  
Unquestionably Canada's Greatest Commercial School  
Special circulars for Summer Classes. Call or write for one. Our school is in session the entire year. Now is the best time to enter.  
SHAW & ELLIOTT, Principals.

GERMAN PENSION  
(Directed by Frauella Hoffmann) No. 65 HOMEWOOD AVENUE. German Classes on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Frauella Hoffmann, who has been very successful in German tuition, has vacancies for some extra pupils, and receives young ladies, who have the advantage of German conversation, that being the only language spoken in "DIE PENSION."

DENTISTRY.  
DR. McLAUGHLIN, Dentist  
Cor. College and Yonge Streets. Tel. 4900  
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

A. H. HARRIS  
163 Sherbourne St. Dentist  
OFFICE OPEN DAY AND NIGHT  
RIGGS' MODERN DENTISTRY  
We employ only the very latest and best approved methods and appliances in all our dental operations. Our work in gold filling, crowning, and bridging is distinguished for its finish, beauty and great durability.  
DR. C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge Streets  
Over the new C. F. K. Office.

MALCOLM W. SPARROW, Dentist  
N. W. cor. Spadina and Queen Sts., Toronto.  
Special Attention Paid to Painless Operating  
Telephone 2294.

RISK & EDWARDS  
DENTISTS  
Graduates and Medalists of Royal College of Dental Surgeons  
8 E. Cor. Richmond and Yonge Streets  
(Up-stairs)  
Special attention given to the preservation of the natural teeth.

DR. CHAS. J. RODGERS, Dentist  
Oddfellows' Building, cor. Yonge & College Sts.  
Office Hours: 9 to 6.  
DRS. BALL & ZIEGLER  
DENTISTS  
Offices, Suite 25 "The Forum," Yonge and Gerrard Sts.  
Hours, 9 to 5. Telephone 2282.

DR. HAROLD CLARK  
DENTIST  
45 King Street West (Over Hooper's Drug Store), Toronto.  
MEDICAL.  
Dr. J. J. Gee  
Consultation Hours—11 a.m. to 2 p.m., 6 to 8 p.m.  
TELEPHONE 505  
335 Jarvis St., cor. Gerrard.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., Homoeopathist  
336-338 Jarvis Street  
Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of men and women. Hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

DR. G. STERLING RYERSON, L.R.C.S.E.  
60 College Street, Toronto  
Consultation Hours—9 to 5.  
A. M. ROSEBRUGH, M.D.  
EYE AND EAR SURGEON  
137 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR  
Moles, Warts, Birthmarks and all Facial Blemishes permanently removed by Electrolysis.  
G. B. FOSTER  
THE FORGE, COR. YONGE AND GERRARD STS.

ARTISTS.  
THE SOCIETY OF ARTS OF CANADA  
LIMITED  
103 & 110 King St. West  
The Free  
Galleries of  
Paintings  
Wednesday, May 16  
LARGEST AND FINEST IN CANADA  
FREE ART SCHOOL  
Send for Prospectus.  
F. E. GALBRAITH, Manager.

PORTRAITS In Oil and Water Colors.  
... IVORY MINIATURES  
MISS EDITH HEWNING  
Room 70, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.  
J. W. L. FORSTER ARTIST  
STUDIO 81 KING STREET EAST

Kodaks  
Premos, \$12 to \$30  
Night Hawk, \$6.50  
Send for New Catalogue.  
J. G. RAMSEY & CO.  
89 BAY STREET - - TORONTO

If the Name  
IS ON  
the bottom of your Photograph  
YOUR FRIENDS will know you patronize the Leading Photographer.  
Studios at Hamilton and Dundas  
F. W. MICKLETHWAITE  
PHOTOGRAPHER  
HAS REMOVED TO  
Cor. Yonge and Temperance Sts.

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND  
Public Accountant and Auditor  
Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto. Phone 1643  
COMPARED WITH THE FIGURES  
OF THE PRECEDING YEAR'S BUSINESS  
THE  
SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT  
OF THE  
Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co.  
SHOWS THE FOLLOWING:

New Business Issued \$3,400,210  
(Increase over 1892) 407,960  
Gross Cash Income 387,240  
(Increase over 1892) 48,183  
Assets 21st December, 1893, 673,788  
(Increase over 1892) 137,671  
Surplus on Policyholders' Accounts 164,168  
(Increase over 1892) 30,929  
Showing a total Insurance in force at 1st January, 1894, of nearly NINE MILLION DOLLARS.

GEORGE GOODERHAM, JOHN F. ELLIS,  
President, Managing Directors.  
GEO. A. STERLING, Secretary.

A quiet  
at St.  
tween  
Wilmot  
stoke, R.  
stance, e  
Harding  
England.  
Rav. Can  
given aw  
ard, wor  
white mo  
silver lin  
Mr. and  
moon in L  
At St.  
James C  
land, was  
Vista, Ma  
Mr. Josep  
don. The  
of Toronto  
the marri  
Miss A.  
Niagara F  
Hamilton  
The Ho  
were ente  
View, Nia  
In St. M  
Daniel Fit  
Duchoue,  
The bride  
groom was  
Fitzgerald  
Father Ch  
Miss Sco  
from Egypt  
Mr. and  
have move  
Mr. and  
to the Isl  
Mrs. Mac  
tained a p  
last week.  
A very a  
Saturday,  
bining the  
Gravenhur  
took place  
Lancelay b  
Dymont's w  
with large  
lace; the v  
bridal bow  
Four bride  
the bride's  
Dymont, th  
Miss Ball.  
edine de so  
chip hats  
white acc  
pink roses  
culture, in  
fashion. Th  
the initials  
Frank Bake  
guests were  
other cities  
bred over  
solid silver,  
cheque. For  
the guests,  
the bride's  
cade, and s  
Mrs. Baker,  
with white  
net; Miss E  
with bodice  
dotted with  
Johnson of  
and dainty  
peacock sat  
guipure, an  
pink ties, a  
the bride's  
white lilacs  
friend's gar  
served by W  
hearty and  
MA  
JU  
Thursda  
Miss Emma  
Miss Lillian  
Mrs. Carl A  
Mr. W. H. B  
Dr. Carl H.  
Mr. Arthur  
CHORUS  
Ma  
Thursday Even  
Friday Afternoon  
Friday Evening  
Wednesday  
Saturday After  
School Class  
Saturday Even  
Piano now op  
Hear the  
What a wor  
JUNE V  
Me  
Sta  
mal  
tion  
late  
The  
and  
wo  
be  
the  
53 King St



## Social and Personal.

A quiet wedding took place on Tuesday last, at St. James' cathedral, Toronto, between Edward Haslam, second son of Mr. Wilmot Waterhouse, late of the Grove, Bishopscote, Hampshire, England, and Helen Constance, eldest daughter of Major-General E. Harding Steward, R.E., C.M.G., of Horsham, England. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon DuMoulin. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Edward Steward, wore a white crepon dress trimmed with white moire ribbon, and a bonnet composed of silver lace, white roses and lilies-of-the-valley. Mr. and Mrs. Waterhouse will spend the honeymoon in Muskoka.

At St. James' cathedral, on May 29, Mr. James Chitty of Stamford Hill, London, England, was married to Eliza J. Tinkler of Bella Vista, Malvern, England, daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Beaumont of Highbury place, London. The bride is aunt to Mrs. Thomas Banks of Toronto. Rev. Canon DuMoulin performed the marriage ceremony.

Miss Alice Houston and Miss Preston of Niagara Falls are at present visiting friends in Hamilton and Toronto.

The Hon. James and Mrs. Young of Galt were entertained by Mrs. R. P. Slater of Glen View, Niagara Falls, on Monday last.

In St. Mary's church, on Tuesday morning, Mr. Daniel Fitzgerald was married to Miss Minnie Donohue, president of St. Mary's Sodality. The bridesmaid was Miss Minnie Rush; the groom was attended by his brother, Mr. John Fitzgerald. Rev. Dr. Tracy, assisted by Rev. Father Cruise, performed the ceremony.

Miss Scott of Parkdale has lately returned from Egypt.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wade of Henry street have moved over to their Island residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Armstrong have gone to the Island for the summer.

Mrs. Mackenzie of Sherbourne street entertained a party of friends on Friday evening of last week.

A very swell wedding took place in Barrie on Saturday, Miss Alice Dymont of Rowanhurst being the bride, and Mr. Thomas W. Baker of Gravenhurst the bridegroom. The ceremony took place in the Methodist church, R. V. J. S. Lansley being the officiating minister. Miss Dymont's wedding gown was of white moire, with large brocade circles of satin and rich lace; the veil was of tulle and the immense bridal bouquet of white roses and ferns. Four bridesmaids and a maid of honor were the bride's attendants. They were: Miss Bay Dymont, the Misses Baker, Miss Chapman and Miss Ball. Their gowns were of white mouseline de soie over pink silk, with large white chip hats trimmed with spreading bows of white accordion-pleated crepe. Wreaths of pink roses rested under the brims, on the coiffure, in a delightfully quaint and becoming fashion. They each wore gold bar pins, with the initials B. D. in pearls across them. Mr. Frank Baker was best man. A number of smart guests were present, Toronto, Hamilton and other cities sending their quota. The gifts numbered over two hundred and included a case of solid silver, a piano and a fifteen hundred dollar cheque. Four ushers attended to the seating of the guests, among whom were: Mrs. Dymont, the bride's mother, in black moire with pink brocade, and small jet bonnet with pink roses; Mrs. Baker, the groom's mother, in black silk with white lace, and black and heliotrope bonnet; Miss Fanny Hall of Guelph, in gray cloth with bodice of gray and pink changeable moire dotted with black, and toque to match; Mrs. Johnson of Toronto wore a charmingly elegant and dainty gown of black and blue crepe over peacock satin, with bolero and sleeves of cream guipure, and jet bonnet with wild roses and pink ties. Rowanhurst, the beautiful home of the bride's parents, was simply bowered in white lilacs, which were the spoils of many a friend's garden. A very dainty dejeuner was served by Webb, and the congratulations were hearty and many to Mr. and Mrs. Baker.

## MASSEY MUSIC HALL Festival

JUNE 14, 15 and 16

Thursday, Friday &amp; Saturday

## SOLOISTS:

Miss Emma Juch - - - Soprano  
Miss Lillian Blauvelt - - - Soprano  
Mrs. Carl Alves - - - Contralto  
Mr. W. H. Rieger - - - Tenor  
Dr. Carl E. Duff - - - Baritone  
Mr. Arthur Friedholm - - - Pianist

CHORUS, 600—ORCHESTRA, 75

Mr. F. H. TORRINGTON, Conductor.

Thursday Evening.....Musical (Band)  
Friday Afternoon.....Miscellaneous Concert.  
Friday Evening.....Hymn of Praise (Mandolin)  
Week of the Harp (A. E. Fisher)  
Saturday Afternoon.....Children's Concert, 1,000 Public  
School Children; Toronto Orchestral School (100).  
Saturday Evening.....Grand Miscellaneous Concert.

Prices—25c, 50c, 75c and \$1

Plans now open at Massey Music Hall.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,  
Golden bells!  
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

## JUNE WEDDINGS

Messrs. James Bain & Son, Society Stationers, beg to announce that they make a specialty of Wedding Invitations, engraved or printed in the latest "correct" styles. They use the very best stock in paper and envelopes and guarantee good work. Samples and quotations will be gladly given to customers out of the city.

JAS. BAIN &amp; SON

Society Stationers

53 King Street East - Toronto



**MORSE'S ECLIPSE SOAP.**

COVERS THE EARTH

John Taylor & Co. TORONTO

## FOSTER & PENDER

TORONTO'S GREAT CARPET HOUSE

# Rugs and Mattings

Ideal summer floor coverings—

And interesting inexpensive stuffs for curtains, coverings and drapings in the most charming and airiest patterns and exceedingly cheerful and summery in effects. The designs are all new, and the variety here embraces really more than you are likely to find in all the other stores put together. And, as the largest importers, we are also able to sell at the lowest prices always.

## FOSTER & PENDER

TORONTO'S GREAT CARPET HOUSE, 14 &amp; 16 KING STREET EAST

whose future should not know a cloud if good wishes are verified. The bride and groom will reside in Gravenhurst. Mrs. Baker's going-away gown was of brown covert-coating with gilet of gold brocade, hat to match with bows of green ribbon.

Mrs. H. K. S. Hemming has moved from 562 Sherbourne street to No. 6 Sultan street, where she will receive her friends on Fridays.

The marriage of Miss Folger and Mr. Hart

## The danger of Milk.

Are you giving your baby cow's milk or any food requiring cow's milk in preparation? Any doctor will tell you that the worst forms of tubercular disease are conveyed through the medium of cow's milk. In this connection

## Nestlé's Food

is invaluable, as with the addition of water only it is a safe and entire diet for infants.

A large sample and our book "The Baby" sent on application.

Thos. Looming & Co., 25 St. Peter St.  
Sole Agents for Canada. Montreal.

TELEPHONE 1355

## MISSSES E. & H. JOHNSTON

**MODES**  
122 King Street West  
OPPOSITE ROBIN HOUSE  
TORONTO

took place in Kingston on Wednesday. It was a very smart affair, some of the costumes being very beautiful. The dejeuner was elegantly served by Webb.

Dr. Nevitt's family have been at their summer residence at Balm Beach for the past month.

Mrs. Smith of Wilcox street gave an afternoon tea on Thursday of last week, which proved a pleasant affair.

## Every Careful Housekeeper

Should secure a copy of our complete Illustrated Price List and Catalogue for the following reasons:

1. It gives in convenient form a complete list of everything that is desirable in the grocery line.  
2. It quotes the lowest cash price for all varieties of high grade groceries.  
3. It gives considerable information about the manufacture of goods and how they should be prepared.  
4. It serves as a ready reference for prices and varieties of goods even when ordering from other dealers.  
5. The third page demonstrates that parties living at a distance can order as conveniently as though living right in the neighborhood.

Copy mailed to any address without charge.

**MacWILLIE BROS.**  
GROCERS  
Confederation Life Building  
Cor. Yonge and Richmond  
TORONTO

## Turkish Baths

Telephone 1355

301 KING STREET WEST

These baths are the finest in Canada, being equal to any on this continent. Recommended for Coughs, Colds, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Impaired Circulation, Liver and Kidney Complaints, and being a positive cure for La Grippe. These baths are highly recommended by the medical profession. Full particulars furnished at the above address.

THOMAS T. COOK, Proprietor.

## GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

AT

W. L. WALLACE'S

110 Yonge Street

IN LADIES' BOOTS AND SHOES

Cooper & Smith's Hand-sewed Wels, Dongola, Button, regular price \$1, selling for \$3; Hand-sewn, Dongola, Button, regular price \$2, selling for \$1.50; Common Sense Dongola, Button, regular price \$3 and \$5, selling for \$1.50. Men's Tan Oxfords from \$1 up. Call early and secure GREAT BARGAINS.

## New Shoes

ELEGANT NEW LINES OF

Tan Boots

...and Shoes

New shapes, lovely shades, all the novelties in spring foot-wear, at 79 King St. East

THE J. D. KING CO., Limited.

## Sensible Summer Wear

Summer Shoes for the country.

Summer Shoes for the lake.

Summer Shoes for town wear.

Summer Shoes for everywhere.

Tan Shoes, Canvas Shoes, Kid Shoes

Light, cool and strongly made.

The best assortment in the city at

the Noted Boot &amp; Shoe Emporium

of H. &amp; C. BLANCHARD

83 to 85 King St. East, Toronto

## Grimsby Park

The Great Canadian Summer Resort

SEASON OF 1894...

The best talent on the continent of America has been secured for Sermons, Lectures, Concerts, etc.

The National School of Elocution and Oratory will hold its Summer Session from July 5 to August 15.

Sunday-school Congress will be held from August 13 to 24.

Physical Culture Classes during July and August.

German Classes commence July 3.

The Park contains 100 acres of forest and greenward; over 200 cottages, two large hotels, general store, telegraph office, post office, etc. The Park Temple, the most unique building in America, will hold about 2,000 people. Grounds lighted by electricity. Excellent Beach for bathing and boating. Grand Trunk Station on the grounds.

Steamers Eurydice and Greyhound will make regular stated trips between Toronto and the Park.

Illustrated Programmes, giving full particulars on all points, may be had at the Methodist Book-Room, Toronto, and from Mr. B. C. Fairbairn, St. Catharines.

NOAH PHELPS, President, Merriton.

W. C. WILKINSON, Secretary, Toronto.

## Strawberry Island

... Lake Simcoe

## HOTEL AND COTTAGES

This popular Summer Resort is now being put in readiness for the coming season.

Having the benefit of last year's experience the manager is prepared to offer greater attractions than ever to guests and tourists, and can guarantee the comfort of all who may come to the Island. The fishing in the vicinity is excellent, and the bathing is unsurpassed and quite safe for children. The camping grounds are the finest and most convenient to be found about Lake Simcoe. Camping parties can be supplied with outfit complete; fishing tackle and small boats to be procured right on the spot.

Families desiring furnished cottages for the season can be accommodated. One feature of the resort is the fine fruit and vegetables raised in our gardens on the Island and supplied to the hotel.

Our own line of steamers run daily from Orillia, connecting with trains from Toronto and other points.

For terms and all information apply to

PETER MCINTYRE, General Agent,

Resin House Block, Toronto.

JOHN KENNEDY,

Grand Central Hotel, Orillia.

## Stephenson House AND

Saline Mineral Springs and Baths

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

Under the Management of Mr. C. V. Ward

Noted for the excellence of its Cuisine and appointments. Music, Lawn Tennis Courts, Billiards, Bowling Alleys, etc.

Opens for the Reception of Guests

June 16

Second Season under New and Liberal Management.

The Baths a positive cure for Rheumatic and Nervous affections. Descriptive Booklet free for the asking.

## PENINSULAR PARK HOTEL

Big Bay Point, Lake Simcoe

This beautiful summer resort (nine miles from Barrie) will be opened on

MONDAY, JUNE 18

Beautiful playgrounds for children, Lawn Tennis Courts, Boating, Bathing and Fishing. The house has all the latest modern improvements, including electric lighting, and will be under the most careful management. Table unsurpassed. Rates reasonable.

For terms apply—

M. McCONNELL,

46 Colborne Street.

## The Penetanguishene

PENETANGUISHENE, ONT.

Canada's Great Summer Resort

OPEN JUNE 11

Under New Management.

Fishing, Boating and Bathing unequalled. Fine lawns for Tennis, Croquet, Bowling, etc. Excellent Cuisine. Pure Spring Water. House re-fitted with electric lights, etc.

Music during meals and in evening.

M. A. THOMAS, Manager.

## CECEBE HOUSE

MUSKOKA, ONT.

ON

Lake Cecebe, the "Killarney" of Canada

Accessible daily by steamer. A quiet spot for the summer months. Good Boating, Fishing, Bathing, etc. Terms moderate.

WM. A. COWAN, Prop.

Cecebe P. O., Ont.

N. B.—P. O. in building.

## Lake View House

JACKSON'S POINT, LAKE SIMCOE

WILL BE

READY FOR GUESTS JUNE 15

Train leaves Toronto 4.35 p.m., arriving within five minutes' walk of house at 7.30 p.m. Leaving about 7 a.m., arrive in Toronto 9.55 a.m. daily.

For particulars apply to—

W. B. SANDERS, Scarville.

THE PARK SIDE INN AND FAMILY

HOTEL, directly opposite Queen Victoria Park.

NAGARA FALLS, Canada side. F. Delacy, Proprietor.

Magnificent view of both Canadian and American Falls from the verandah. Open summer and winter. Electric railway and street cars connecting with the Grand Trunk within 100 yards of house. Rates, \$1 to \$3 per day. Telephone and Bath.



THE BEST ALWAYS RELIABLE  
**Heintzman & Co's**  
**PIANOS**

The  
BABY  
GRAND

DO you know the Heintzman Baby Grand Piano? It is known to leading citizens of all parts of Canada. All commend it. If in want of a genuinely high-grade Piano, the Baby Grand is sure to please.

HEINTZMAN & CO.  
Warerooms, 117 King St. West, Toronto.

**TAILOR MADE**

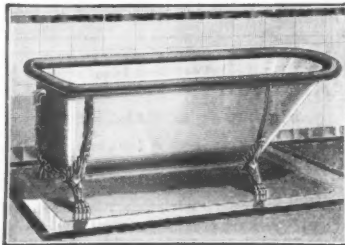


AS WORN IN NEW YORK

**R. WOLFE...**  
107 Yonge Street

Is making a specialty of these Costumes at from \$15 to \$16. a nice line of cloths to choose from, also Duck Suits at from \$8 up. Extra sizes no extra charge. We have the finest line of Millinery in the Dominion, and, like our Capes and Jackets, at greatly reduced prices. Call and see our styles. Orders by mail promptly and carefully attended to.

**Steel  
Clad  
Baths**



Handsome, Sanitary, Durable  
The...  
**Toronto Steel-Clad Bath & Metal Co.**  
Limited  
A. G. ROOTH, Manager  
123 Queen St. East, Toronto, Can.

**Social and Personal.**

At Our Lady of Lourdes, on Tuesday morning Rev. Father Walsh united in marriage Mr. R. Amyot Aymong of the Toronto Postoffice and Miss Kathleen O'Neill of Homewood Avenue. The groom was attended by Mr. George Thompson, while Miss Annie O'Neill, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and Misses Hattie and Carrie Mason as maids of honor.

The residence of Mr. Charles Fox, No. 221 Sumach street, was on Wednesday the scene of a very pretty wedding, the occasion being the marriage of his daughter Emma to Dr. Ashby Albert Shaw of Boston, Mass. Rev. Dr. Thomas of Jarvis street Baptist church, assisted by Rev. T. E. Bartley of Simpson Avenue Methodist church, performed the ceremony. The bridesmaids were: Miss Phoebe Fox, Miss Lizzie Fox and Miss Lucy Fox, while Mr. Meredith Rountree supported the groom. The bride was attired in a gorgeous navy blue traveling gown, tastefully trimmed with cadet brocade, and carried a bouquet of bride's roses. The bridesmaids wore white brocade silk. The young couple left by the noon train for their home in Boston.

There were four other important local weddings on Wednesday to which I find it impossible to do justice in this issue. The contracting parties are all more or less prominent in society, the ceremonies all occurred in churches, and it seems to be proven that June is the favorite wedding month of all. At

**R. WALKER & SONS**

Mantle Department...

**New Jackets and  
New Costumes  
...TO ORDER...**

We have a large assortment of all the latest kinds of Serges, Cheviots, Tweeds, Box and Covert Cloths in all the leading shades. The cut, fit and finish of our Tailor made Costumes are second to none.

The latest New York and London Styles at all prices, from \$12 to \$25.

Jackets made to order and the cloth sold to match for the skirts

**WE INVITE YOUR INSPECTION**

**R. WALKER & SONS**

33-43 KING STREET EAST

**H. E. CLARKE & CO.**



**Barristers' Brief Bags...**

In Enamelled Cowhide and Seal Grain Leathers.

**H. E. CLARKE & CO.** - 105 - King St. West



While it is true that the above sign means a place where you can get a cool and refreshing drink, please do not lose sight of the fact that a restaurant in connection with "The Spa" will furnish anything from a light lunch to a first-class dinner or table d'hôte. The latest delicacies of the season at reasonable prices. Try a box of our fine candy.

THE SPA, 39 King Street West

**Take No Chances**

With incompetent and unreliable people. Send all your dyeing and cleaning to a firm who have a reputation to maintain.

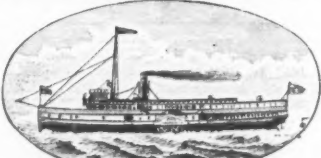
The British American Dyeing Co. guarantee satisfaction every time.

**British American Dyeing Co.**

GOLD MEDALIST DYERS  
TORONTO OFFICES—90 King St. East, 458 Queen St. West.  
4363 Yonge St. Telephone 1090.

Christ church, Mimico, Mr. John Kay, jun., of the Royal Insurance Company, was married to Miss Edith Telfer, eldest daughter of Mr. J. H. Telfer. The bridesmaids were Misses Alice Chapman, Mary Kay and Bertha Telfer, and the groom was assisted by Messrs. E. S. Roberts and Moson. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon Tremayne. Many guests were present. At Holy Trinity church, Mr. John H. Notter, an Owen Sound merchant, was married to Miss Louisa Barnhardt, daughter of the late S. J. Barnhardt, the ceremony being performed by Rev. John Pearson. At St. Andrew's church Mr. Alfred C. Merrett was married to Miss Margaret S. Home, daughter of Mr. Thomas B. Home, 31 Henry street, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell performing the ceremony. Mr. M. B. Silver, V.D.S., and Miss Eva M. Park, daughter of Mr. James Park of Collingwood, were married at Cooke's church by Rev. William Patterson.

St. Catharines, Grimsby & Toronto Nav. Co., Ltd.



**Steamer GARDEN CITY**  
Plying daily between Toronto, Port Dalhousie and St. Catharines, leaving Toronto 3:40 p.m., arriving Port Dalhousie 5:45, St. Catharines, Lock 2, 6:45 p.m. Returning leaves St. Catharines 8:00 a.m., Port Dalhousie 8:45 a.m., arriving in Toronto at 11 a.m.  
The popular Wednesday and Saturday 2 p.m. trips up the Old Welland Canal commence July 16. After July 1 a seven hour's outing to Wilson Park on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, leaving Toronto at 11 a.m., returning 6 p.m. Family book tickets at all principal Hotels and Ticket Offices. Forty trips 85¢; 20 trips 45¢. For further information apply to W. N. HARRIS, Garden City Office, Geddes' Wharf, east side.

**Niagara River Line**  
3 TRIPS DAILY  
(except Sundays)

Commencing, Monday, June 4

STEAMERS

**CHICORA and CHIPPEWA**

Will leave Yonge Street Wharf (east side) at 7 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4:45 p.m. for  
**NIAGARA, QUEENSTON & LEWISTON**  
Connecting with N. Y. C. & H. R. R., M. C. R. R. and N. E. R. for Falls, Buffalo, etc.

JOHN F. Foy, Manager.

**NIAGARA FALLS LINE**

STEAMER

**Empress of India**

Daily at 7:40 a.m. and 3:20 p.m., from city wharf, foot of Yonge street (west side), for  
**St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo**  
**Rochester, New York**

and all points east and south. This is the only steamer connecting with railway at Port Dalhousie. Family books for sale, 40 trips for \$8. Low rates to excursion parties. Tickets at all G. T. R. and principal ticket offices, and at office on wharf.

**New York, Boston, Rochester,**

**Philadelphia**

And all points East and South.

**SS. CARMONA**

Leaves Yonge Street Wharf (west side) daily at 10 p.m. (Sundays excepted), Saturdays at 11 p.m., for all ports East via Charlotte and Rochester.  
Close connection with all railroads.  
CHEAPEST AND MOST COMFORTABLE ROUTE.  
Tickets at all agencies, also on Dock and Boat.

IF NOT CALLED FOR IN 10 DAYS RETURN TO 1057 WASHINGTON AVE

SEP 22 1894  
Messrs Mason & Risch.  
Manufacturers of High Class Pianos.  
32 King St West  
Toronto

**READ!**

**SYMINGTON'S  
COFFEE ESSENCE  
EDINBURGH.**

BEGIN THE DAY & END  
THE DAY WITH A CUP OF  
SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH  
COFFEE ESSENCE  
THE HOUSEWIFE'S HELP &  
THE BACHELOR'S FRIEND  
OF ALL GROCERS.

**MARK!**

6c PER YARD TO  
**Clean Your  
...Carpets**

We will call in any part of the city, take up thoroughly clean and relay your carpets at six cents per yard. All orders promptly attended to and work guaranteed.

**J. & J. L. O'MALLEY**  
Dealers in Furniture and Carpets  
Tel. 1057 160 Queen Street West

"The Best Table Water extant."—Court Journal

**Godes-berger**

HER MAJESTY'S TABLE WATER  
BY APPOINTMENT.

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, of Health, writes: For Gout, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and allied troubles, I recommend

**Godes-berger**

"A Water of Absolute Purity."—Health

"Mixes well with Spirits."—The Lancet.

"It has no equal."—Court Circular.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

has already been supplied with

Over 75,000 Bottles of

**Godes-berger**



OUR Peler Island Wines are the best in the market. No wines shipped less than two years old. Ask your Wine Merchant, Club or Hotel for our St. Augustine and Catawba Wines, and see that you get them.

**J. S. HAMILTON & CO., Brantford, Ont.**  
Sole General and Export Agents.

**China Hall**

IS NOW OPEN

Some of the new goods, suitable for

**Wedding Gifts**

HUNGARIAN Fern Pots, Fruit Trays, &c.  
BOHEMIAN Rhine Wares, Claret Sets, &c.

**Rich Cut Glass  
Banquet Lamps**

**JUNOR & IRVING** 49 King St. East  
Telephone 2177

**The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.**

**Births.**  
HEPBURN—May 30, Mrs. R. R. Hephburn—a daughter.  
MUIR—June 6, Mrs. John Muir—a daughter.

**Marriages.**

LENNOX—MEERING—On Tuesday, June 5, at the residence of Mr. J. H. Bennett, Barrie, by Rev. W. Reiner, Louisa Esther Meering, youngest daughter of the late E. S. Meering of Allandale, to E. Herbert Lennox of the town of Aurora, barrister-at-law.

BONNELL—WHITE—June 2, Walter H. M. Bonnell to Ida E. McGillicuddy.

RODERICK—PATTERSON—June 6, John D. Roderick to Isabella Patterson.

KAY—TELFER—At Mimico, June 6, John Kay, jr., to Edith Alice Telfer.

SUTHERLAND—HOEFNER—June 4, William Sutherland to Dorcas Hoefner.

MACARTHUR—JONES—At Kingston, May 20, J. F. MacArthur to Martha Annie Jones.

AYMONG—O'NEIL—June 5, R. Amyot Aymong to Kathleen O'Neill.  
BOND—STEPHENSON—June 6, Alexander M. Bond to Alice Jane Stephenson.  
BURNHAM—CAWTHRA—June 6, James Gilchrist Burnham to Helena Frances Cawthra.  
LAWSON—LUKE—June 2, Walter J. Lawson to Louisa Maud Luke.

**Deaths.**

SPENCE—June 5, J. W. Spence.  
BROWN—June 5, Fred W. Brown, aged 24.  
ARNOT—June 2, Mrs. Wm. Arnot, aged 77.  
PRICE—June 2, Robert Price, aged 64.  
WYLLIE—June 2, Andrew A. Wyllie, aged 68.  
CHAPMAN—June 2, Mrs. Isaac Chapman, aged 62.  
DORRIDGE—June 1, George Dorrige, aged 62.  
MCDONALD—June 1, Thomas McDonald, aged 67.  
PATERSON—June 2, James Paterson, aged 61.  
COX—May 30, William Cox, aged 23.  
MOLE—May 31, John Mole, aged 17.  
SOUTHWICK—May 31, George Southwick, aged 51.  
BELL—June 2, Thomas Bell, aged 60.  
DRURY—June 6, Lizzie Drury, aged 21.

**PASSENGER TRAFFIC**

**Barlow Cumberland General Steamship and Tourist Agency**

**TOURS WHEREVER DESIRED**

Throughout America, British Isles and European Continent, by any route required. Personally conducted or independent tours as passengers may elect. COOK'S TOURIST OFFICE, Agency Different Transatlantic Lines from Canada and United States to British Isles and European Continent and Mediterranean direct. Trans-Pacific Lines, Mediterranean Lines and Southern Lines, together with every system of transportation in any part of the globe. 73 Yonge St., Toronto.

**INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION CO.'S LINES**

**AMERICAN LINE**

For Southampton, Shortest and most convenient route to London. No transfer by tender. No tidal delays. Close connection at Southampton for Havre and Paris by special fast twin screw Channel steamers.

Chester, June 15, 6 p.m. Paris, June 27, 11 a.m.  
New York, June 20, 7 a.m. Berlin, July 4, 9 a.m.

**RED STAR LINE**

FOR ANTWERP

Nordland, Wednesday, June 15, 7:30 a.m.

Waeland, Wednesday, June 20, 7 a.m.

Intern'l Nav. Co., 6 Bowling Green, New York

**BARLOW CUMBERLAND**

Agent, 73 Yonge Street, Toronto

**NORTH GERMAN LLOYD COY**

**SHORT ROUTE TO LONDON & CONTINENT**

New York to Southampton (London, Havre, Paris) and Bremen.

Fast Express Palatial Steamers

**EVERY TUESDAY AND SATURDAY**

**MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE.**

Direct Route to Southern France, Italy

Switzerland and the Tyrol

Early reservation is absolutely necessary in order to secure accommodation.

**Barlow Cumberland Agency**

73 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

... THE ...

**TRUE**

**TRANSCONTINENTAL ROUTE**

IS THE

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**

The Only Through Canadian Line

TO THE

**PACIFIC**

**COAST**

NO CHANGES NO TRANSFERS

THROUGH TOURIST CAR LEAVES

**TORONTO EVERY FRIDAY**

AT 10.15 P.M. DIRECT TO

**SEATTLE WITHOUT CHANGE**

Apply to Any Agent of the Company

TO PIANO PLAYERS.

Spring Clearing Sale of

**PIANOS**

At Reduced

Prices

Messrs. A. & S. NORDHEIMER offer at

much reduced prices for this month a

large number of superior Upright and

Cabinet Grand Pianos of THEIR OWN

MANUFACTURE, recently returned from

hire during the winter months, many of

which are as good as new. Also a number

of splendid second-hand Pianos by

Steinway, Chickering, Haines, Gables,

etc. ALL AT GREAT REDUCTIONS

FROM REGULAR PRICES.

INSPECTION INVITED.

**A. & S. NORDHEIMER**

PIANO WAREHOUSE  
15 KING STREET EAST.